THE TRAGEDIE OF DARIVS.

By VVilliam Alexander
of Menſtrie

Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit vtile dulci.

EDINBVRGH,
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Cum Priuilegio Regio.

IN MY DEFENC
GOD ME DEFEND

TO

THE MOST EX-

cellent, high, and mightie Prince,

IAMES the 6. King of Scots,

my dreade Soveraigne.

DIſdaine not (mighty Prince) theſe humble lines,
Though too meane muſick for ſo noble eares.
Thou glorious patterne of all good ingines,
VVhoſe ſacred brow a twofolde laurell beares,
To whome APOLLO his owne harpe reſignes,
And euerlaſting Trophees vertue reares,
Thou canſt afforde that which my ſoule affects,
Let thy perfections ſhaddowe my defects.

Although my wit be weake, my vowes are ſtrong,
VVhich conſecrate deuoutlie to thy name
My muſes labours, that ere it be long
May caſt ſome fethers to enpenne thy fame:
VVherewith emboldned in a ſweeter ſong,

And in more statelie lines I may proclame
Thy praises, and inestimable worth,
Throgh all great Britanes coasts from South to
(North
Vnto the Ocean of thy worth I send
This little ruslet of my first attempt;
Not that I to augment that depth pretend,
VVhich is from all necessitie exempt.
The Gods small guifts of zealous minds commend,
VVhile Hecatombes are holden in contempt:
So, Sir, I offer at your vertues shryne
This little incense, or this smoake of mine.

To the Reader.

LO heere, gentle Reader, I preſent to thy favourable viewe and cenſure the firſt eſſay of my rude & vn-skilfull Muſe in a Tragicall Poeme. Wherein I thought my time and paines better emploied, as in a ſubject both pleaſant and profitable, then in thoſe idle & vaine toyes, which by their ſweet allurementes infect the mindes both of the writer, and reader with the contagion of vice and brutiſhe ſenſualitie. The language of this Poeme is (as thou ſeeſt) mixt of the Engliſh and Scottiſh Dialects; which perhaps may be vn-pleaſant and irkſome to ſome readers of both nations. But I hope the gentle and judicious Engliſhe reader will beare with me, if I retaine ſome badge of mine owne countrie, by vſing ſometimes words that are peculiar thereunto, eſpeciallie when I finde them propre, and ſignificant. And as for my owne countrymen, they may not juſtly finde fault with me, if for the more parte I vſe the Engliſh phraſe, as worthie to be preferred before our owne for the elegancie and perfection thereof. Yea I am perſwaded that both countrie-men will take in good part the mixture of their Dialects, the rather for that the bountiful providence of God doth invite them both to a ſtraiter vnion and conjunction aſwell in language as in other reſpectes.

As for the other defectes and deformities of this

To the Reader.

Poeme, I hope, gentle Reader, thou wilt the more ſparinglie and courteouſlie cenſure them, for that they are the firſt faultes of one who is but a young prentice in the arte of Poeſie, and for that the imperfection of the worke is ſupplied with the worthineſſe of the matter, and with an earneſt deſire of procuring thereby thy profite and delite. If thou accept gratiouſlie theſe firſt frutes of my Muſe, it will (God-willing) both encourage and enable her to bring foorth heereafter frute of the ſame kinde, more pleaſant and aggreeable to thy delicate taſte.

In the meane time, and alwaies, I
bid thee hartelie fare-well.

In praiſe of the Authour, and *his Poeme*

A SONNET.

GIue place all ye to dying Darius *wounds*
(Whill this great Greeke him in his throne euſtalles)
That fell before ſeauen-ported Thebes *walles,*
Or vnder Ilions *olde ſky-threatning rounds.*
Your ſowre-ſweete ſighes not halfe ſo ſadlie ſounds,
Though, I confeſſe, moſte famous be your falles,
Slaine, ſacrifizd, tranſported, and made thralles;
Precipitate, burnt, banniſh'd from your bounds:
Whome Sophocles, Euripides *haue ſong,*
Æſchylus *als in ſtatelie Tragick tune:*
Yet none of all hath ſo divinely done,
As matcheleſſe Menſtrie *in his natiue toung.*
So Darius *ghoſt ſeemes glade for to beſo*
Triumpht on twiſe by Alexanders *two.*

Io. Murray.

A Sonnet.

VVHen as the *Macedonian* conquerour came
To great *Achilles* Tomb, he ſigh'd, and ſaid;
Well may thy ghoſt, braue champion, be appai'd,
That *Homers* Muſe was trumpet of thy fame.
But if that Monarch great in deedes and name,
Nowe once againe with mortall vaile arrai'd,
Came to the Tomb where *Darius* hath bene lai'd,
This ſpeech more juſtly ſighing might he frame:
My famous foe, whome I leſſe hate, then pittie,
Even I, who vanquiſh'd thee, envie thy glorie,
In that ſuch one doth ſing thy ruines ſtorie,
As matcheth *Homer* in his ſweeteſt dittie;
Yet joye in that he *Alexander* hight,
And ſounds in thy ore-throw my matchles might.

W. Quin.

Eiuſdem in nomen Authoris
GVLIELMVS ALEXANDER,

Anagramma.

I, LARGVS MELLE EXVNDA.

Tetraſticon.

CVm tibi det Genius, Muſa, ingeniumque, Poeſis
Floribus é varijs Attica mella legas;
I, largus melle exunda, *mellitaque funde*
Carmina: ſic facias nomine fata iubent.

THE

THE ARGVMENT.

DARIVS, *the fourth from* Cyrus *King of* Persia, *being after the death of* Occhus *for his singular valour from the gouernement of* Armenia *aduanc'd to the* Persian *empyre, became so arrogant (Fortune, as it were, setting him forward to confusion) as he sent to demand tribute of* Philip, *then King of* Macedonia: *who being of a hautie nature, and inferiour to none of that age in courage, or militarie discipline, requyted this contumelious message with as disdainfull an answere; threatning that he would come and deliuer it in* Persepolis. *But being preuented by death he left the execution of his designe to his sonne* Alexander, *who for the great victories which after he obtained was surnamed the great. He inheriting the hatred of his Father towards* Darius, *and far surmounting him in ambition, past in person to* Asia *with an armie of thirtie thousand only.*

After his arriuall, Darius *wrote to him in a proud & contemptible manner, ascribing to himself the title of the King of Kings, and kinsman of the Gods & naming* Alexander *his seruant. Hee also in vaunting manner boasted that he would haue that mad boy, the sonne of* Philip (*for so in derision he tearmed him*) *bound, and beaten with rods, & after brought to his presence apparrelled like a Prince. For performance whereof he directed one of his Minions with fourtie thousand, to make impediment to his passage at the riuer of* Granick; *where by the wonderfull valour of A-*

The Argument.

lexander *they were ouer-throwne.* Darius *being aduertiſed of this, came himſelf in propre perſon, accompanied with infinite (but euill ordered) nombers, and encountered* Alexander *beſide* Iſſo, *in the ſtraits of* Cilicia: *where hauing fought a doubtfull and bloody battell, in ende by the invincible valour, and neuer-fayling Fortune of* Alexander *his armie was defeated, himſelfe put to flight, and his mother, wife, and children made captiues. They were moſt courteouſlie entertained by* Alexander: *who notwithſtanding their exceeding great beautie yet would not abuſe them, or ſuffer them to be wronged by others: nor viſited he thē more oft then once (& that to comfort them) all the time of their impriſonment.*

Darius, *notwithſtanding of all his loſſes (his courage being in the full, whilſt his Fortune was in the waine) wrote verry proualy to* Alexander, *taking ſtill the title of a king to himſelf, but not giuing it him, offering him as much gold, as* Macedon *coulde containe, for ranſome of the Captiues. Which being very diſdainfully refuſed by* Alexander, *he hauing re-enforced his troupes, & comming forwarde to fight with greater force then before, was enformed howe his wife had died in priſon, whoſe death he bewaild with exceeding great ſorowe. And vnderſtanding what courteſy* Alexander *had vſed towards her, he ſent to ſue for peace not for any feare of his force, but allured (as he alledged) by his courteſie. This ſute being likewiſe reiected, he fought beſide* Arbella *with no better Fortune then before. Yet for all theſe misfortunes being of an invincible courage, & diſpayring of peace, he re-aſſembled all his forces, which were augmented by the comming of the* Bactrians, *& was comming forward with intention at laſt either to die, or preuaile. But*

in the

The Argument.

in the meane time two traiterous ſubiects of his owne, to wit, Beſſus *whome he had promoted to be gouernour of* Bactria, *&* Nabarzanes *one in ſpeciall credite with him, conſpired his death. Which danger, thogh it was reuealed to him by* Patron, *Captain of the Greeks, yet he could not, or rather would not eſchue. At length, thoſe two traitours tooke & bound him with golden chaines, and caſt him in an olde Chariot, with purpoſe to preſent him to* Alexander. *But they hearing howe he would not accept their preſent, and howe he was comming to inuade them, threwe their darts at* Darius, *& left him for dead. In this eſtate he was found by* Poliſtratus, *& after the deliuery of ſome fewe words died.* Alexander *hauing exceedinglie lamented his miſerable and vndeſerued end, directed his bodie to his mother* Sifigambis *to be honourably buried.*

The perſons names that ſpeakes.

Darius.
Siſigambis, *his mother.*
Statira Re. *his Wife.*
Statira Virg. *his daughter.*
Tiriotes, *their Eunuche.*
Nabarzanes } *two traitours.*
Beſſus. }
Patron, *Captaine of the mercenary Greekes.*
Nuntius.
Alexander.
Parmenio, *his Lieunnant.*
Hepheſtion, *his Minion.*
Poliſtratus, *a ſouldier.*
Artabazus, *a nobleman of Perſia.*
Chorus, *all Perſians.*

The Scene ſuppoſed in Babilon.

The Tragedy of Darius.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

DARIVS.

WHat thundering power grow'n jealous of my ſtate
With ſuch hoſtilitie my troupes o're-throwes,
& arm'd with lightning, breathing flames of hate,
Big with diſdaine, high indignation ſhowes.
Whil'ſt ſooth'd with ſelfe-conceites aſham'd to doubt,
In greatneſſe ſhadowe I ſecurelie ſlept,
Lo, change-affecting Fortune wheeles about,
And ruines all that me from ruine kept.
Thus I, whoſe onlie name amaz'd my foes,
Whome th'earth ador'd, as Monarche, once ouer all,
Am ſo degraded nowe, and ſunke in woes,
That who admir'd my might, admire my fall.
Ah then indeede I fell, when gallants ſtood,
And *Phœnix*-like renew'd their liues by death,
Who hauing ſeald their force and faith with blood,
Woulde rather die, then drawe a borrowed breath.
Yet I, but then not I, view'd, not aveng'd,
Thoſe monſtrous mountaines of my ſubjectes ſlaine,
Although my conſcience hath my courage cleng'd,
And knowes what valour was employ'd in vaine.

Through greateſt dangers death I did purſew,
Till heapes of ſlaughtred bodies bar'd my way,
And chang'd my Chariot to a ſcarlet hew,
Ere wounded honour could be drawne away.
O how I enuy yet their happie Ghoſtes,
Who died whil'ſt hope of victorie remain'd,
And in the preſence of two famous hoſtes
Left bloodie recordes that they died vnſtain'd?
Shall I ſuruiue that ſoule-ouerwhelming ſhame,
To be th'eternall ſtaine of *Perſians* praiſe?
No rather let me die, and let my name,
Be quite exſtinguiſh'd vvith my hatefull daies.
Starre-boſting *Babilon* bluſh to behold
One cald thy king ſurmounted and abated:
Hovv may thy Towrs but tremble, when it's told,
Thy Prince entreats, vvhome Princes earſt entreated?
Not vaſſall-like; I vvill not yeeld to this:
Were all my Empire to a period come,
Yet none ſhall vaunt that euer I was his:
Hartes holding courage are not all o're-come.
This tongue inur'd ſtill to command doth ſcorne,
To breath baſe wordes, to ſcape a minutes paines.
Let them obey, vvho to obey vvere borne:
For *Darius* this indignitie diſdaines.
Since I vvas once iudg'd vvorthie to command,
Shall I returne to be a baſe entreater?
No, whil'ſt a ſvvord yeelds homage to this hand,
Ile not acknovvledge in the vvorld a greater.
Braue ſpirites, who novv poſſeſſe the pleaſant bowers,
And glorious gardens of *th'Eliſian* plaine,
(For if deſerts may moue th'infernall povvers,
That happie ſhade your ſhadovves muſt containe)
Thoſe fieldes vvhere-as your praiſes are ſet forth
Do burie but your bodies, not your fame:
Men ſhall adore the relickes of your vvorth,
And reare immortall Trophees to your name.

Ile

Ile ſacrifize as incenſe to your ſoules,
His dying ſighes, and ſorrovving parents teares,
Who novv, while none his inſolence controules,
Our conuquer'd enſignes in his triumphe beares.
For it may eaſe your Ghoſtes to heare his grones,
Whil'ſt th'earth ouer-burdend ſends rebounding back
A plaintife *Echo* from the woods and ſtones,
To ſound through all the aire his armies vvrack.
Why ſpend I ſpeaches to diſturbe your reſt?
What idle diſputations do I hold?
A mightie furour hath enflam'd my breſt,
And burnes me, till I be aueng'd ſeuen-fold.
Did I that ſtrong *Caduſian* firſt affront,
Who durſt aduance himſelfe to braue our bandes,
Then turn'd applauded, and in high account,
Charg'd vvith his ſpoiles the honour of my handes?
And could I then all kinde of doubt remoouing,
Aduenter only to an Armies ſhame?
And ſhould I novv that auncient praiſe diſprouing,
With ſquadrons compaſt looſe that glorious name?
Blinde fortune, O, thy ſtratagems are ſtrange:
Thou vvrak'ſt my greatnes, vvound'ſt mine honour too,
And hauing made my ſtate the ſtage of change,
Haſt acted all inconſtancie could do.
Lo I, who late of ſwarming troupes did boſt,
Am ſpoil'd of all in whome I then repoſ'd,
And thoſe impriſon'd, whome I fancie moſt,
Are to th'inſulting victours pride expoſ'd.
O torment but to think, death to beleeue,
That any may command my deereſt part,
And wretched I not able to releeue
The Iewell of mine eye, ioy of my hart.
Deere obiect of my thoughtes, my life, my loue,
Sweet ſource of my delights, my one, my all,
Bright Image of excellencies aboue,
What? do'ſt thou breath, and com'ſt not when I call?

And

And can I be, and not be where thou art?
Hath heauen the force me from thy face to barre?
Or are my handes growne traitors to my hart,
That they ſhould ſhrink from doing vvhat it dare?
O could my minde but diſtribute a ſpace
Theſe emulating thoughtes that toſſe my breſt,
Among thoſe pointles Cyphers that ſpend place:
Then I alone might animate the reſt.
Since in this great diſgrace I chanc'd to fall,
Nowe nothing reſts to raiſe my fame forlorne,
But to doe deſperatly, and hazardall,
Ile liue with praiſe, or by my death flie ſcorne.
Some proſperous iſſue afterward may purge
This crime, with which th'euent would burthen me,
This crime, that carries with it ſelfe a ſcourge:
No greater torment then the want of thee.
But what hope reſts to re-obtaine that treaſure,
Which auaritious tirants once poſſeſſe?
Another now diſpoſes at his pleaſure
Of all my wealth: how can I looke for leſſe?
Now, not till now, I deeme my ſtate in danger,
When I imagine how my beſt belou'd
Muſt entertaine my enemie a ſtranger,
I being far from offering aide remou'd.
A hoſt of furies in my breaſt I finde,
Which do my ſoule vvith dreadfull horrours fill,
And foſter in my melancholious minde
Strange apprehenſions that affright me ſtill.
And this ſurmiz'd diſgrace, growne throughly ſtrong,
Reades hourly in my eares a hatefull ſcroule
Of an imagin'd, yet recureles wrong,
Such poiſon'd thoughtes like ſerpents ſting my ſoule.
Blind loue beguiles me not, ſharpe-ſighted feares
Finde great apparances for to ſuſpect thee:
Would God I had no harte, nor eyes, nor eares,
To thinke, to ſee, or heare thou ſhouldſt neglect me.

This aggrauats the weight of my diſpaire,
When doubt obiects, t'annull loues laſt defence,
How he is young and feirce, ſhe young and faire,
He bent t'offend, and ſhe expoſd t'offence.
Fom which I feare both can not long abſtaine:
Her beautie is ſufficient to allure:
His brauerie is ſufficient to obtaine.
Captaines will force, and captiues muſt endure.
O *Alexander*, render my renowne,
Although thou trauell to vſurpe my throne.
I rage to haue a riuall in my Crowne:
But in my loue I can comport vvith none.
I ſole her not with diſgrace, and me vvith greefe,
Leaſt ſo thou rob her honour, and my life:
Spare in this point t'ouercharge me vvith miſcheefe:
In all thinges els let armes decide our ſtrife.
But where doth furie thus tranſport my ſpirites,
With light beleefe my beſt half to miſtruſt?
Deere, pardon, I treſpaſſe to vvrong thy merits,
Whome I haue ſtill found faithfull louing, iuſt.
Pure chaſtitie doth then moſt firmelie ſtand,
When fortified it is vvith vvedlockes band.
Yet let me doubt, or let me leaue to loue:
To feare the vvorſt it is affectiones part.
I'l not miſtruſt thy truth: yet it may proue,
Thy face betray thy faith, thy hap thy hart.
But on thy loue approou'd my hope relyes,
This doth diſſolue ſuſpitions povver to nought.
I vvill repell reports, as ſlandrous lyes,
Which ſecond not thy vertue, and my thought.
Though vertues foe, and vvorth-enuying fortune,
Hath wrong'd my valour vvith an euill ſucceſſe;
Life of my life, yet muſt I thee importune,
Ioyne not with her to double my diſtreſſe.

Ex

CHORVS.

O More then miſerable minde,
That of all thinges it ſelfe worſt knowes,
And being through preſumption blinde
Is puffed vp with euerie winde,
Which Fortune in deriſion blowes.
Such one no ſtable bliſſe can finde,
Whoſe harte is guided by his eye,
And truſtes vnto betraying ſhowes,
Which ſeeme not as they bee.
Oft ſhort proſperitie,
Breedes long aduerſitie:
For who abuſe the firſt, the laſt o're-throwes.
A dead ſecurity all care exiles:
Tis no ſmall danger to be happie whiles.

Who on himſelfe too much depends,
And makes an Idole of his witt,
For euerie fauour fortune ſends
Self-flatterer himſelfe commends,
And will no ſound aduiſe admitt,
But at himſelfe beginnes, and ends,
And neuer takes a moments leaſure,
To trie what fault he may committ,
But drunk with frothes of pleaſure
Thirſtes for praiſe aboue meaſure,
Imaginarie treaſure,
Which ſlowly commes, and ſoone away doth flitt:
And what is moſt affected at this time,
Succeding ages may account a crime.

A Potentate that is reſpected,

And

And by his ſubiects thought a God,
Thinkes, as his name on high erected
Hath what he liſt at home effected,
It may like wonders work abrod.
Ohow his follie is detected!
For though he ſitt in Royall ſeate,
And as he liſt his vaſſalls lod;
Yet others that are greate
Liue not by his conceate,
Nor ponders what he threat,
But plague his pride oft ere he feare the rod.
There are rare qualities required in Kings:
A naked name can neuer work great thinges.

They who themſelues too much eſteeme,
And vainly vilipend their foe,
Oft finde not fortunë, as they deeme,
And with their treaſure would redeeme
Their errour paſt: Behold euen ſo
From blame who can our King exeeme,
Who his aduerſarie to ſcorne,
Thought he who in his name did goe
The laurell ſhould haue worne,
His triumphe to adorne?
But he with ſhame hath ſhorne
The fruites of follie euer ripe with woe.
An enemie (if it be well aduiſ'd)
Though he ſeeme weake, ſhould neuer be deſpiſ'd.

But what? the Minions of our Kinges,
Who ſpeak at large, and are beleeued,
Dare boaſt of many mightie things,
As they could flie, though wanting wings,
And deeds by wordes might be atcheeued,
But time at length their lies to light,
Their ſouerayne to confuſion brings.

Yet ſo they gaine, they are not greeue'd,
But charme their Princes ſight,
And make what's wrong ſeeme right.
Thus ruine they his might,
That when he would, he cannot be releeued.
Moe Kings in chambers fall by flatterers charmes,
Then in the field by th' aduerſaries armes.

All that the ſucceſſe hath approoued
By Charidemus *was foreſhowne:*
Yet with his wordes no man was mooued:
For good men firſt muſt be remooued,
Before their worth can well be knowne.
The King would heare but what he looued,
And what him pleaſd not did diſpiſe.
So were the better ſorte o'er-throwne,
And Sycophants vnwiſe,
Who could the trueth diſguiſe,
Were ſuffered for to riſe,
That him, who raiſ'd them vp, they might caſt down.
Thus Princes will not heare, though ſuch deceaue them,
Things as they are, but as themſelues conceaue them.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

ALEXANDER. PARMENIO.

Beholde, the heauens with a benigne aſpect,
To proſper this braue enterpriſe intend,
And with propitious ſtarres ſeeme to direct
This great beginning to a glorious end.
Who vvould be famous muſt of force aſpire:
All thoſe aſtoniſh'd, who my troupes do vievv,
Doubt of thoſe two vvhich moſt they ſhould admire;
My comming, or my conquering vvith ſo fevve.
So mightie mindes t'atchieue great actions bent
Force Fortune oft to favour them in all:
Where baſer breaſtes deuining euill euent,
Through ſuperſtitious feares procure their fall.
O howe I wonder, when I call to minde
That monſtrous camp, which not ſo much as doubted!
Dimme ſeem'd the Sunne, while-as their armour ſhynd
Men had not heard the thunder, whil'ſt they ſhouted.
Th'auant-courours, that came for to examine,
When they ſomeane my nombers had perceau'd,
Did thinke them ſmall to ſatisfie the famine,
That their huge hoſte of ſlaughter had conceau'd.
And yet in end this prou'd a poyſon'd foode,
Which of their owne to their confuſion yeeldes
Mountaines of murthered corps, and ſeas of blood:
Vn-buried bodies buried all the fieldes.
So nowe that fewe, whome they contemn'd ſo farre,
(See howe mortalitie it ſelfe deceaues)
Haue farre quer-match'd their multitudes in warre,
And made the worlde waſte to people the graues.
Then, deere *Parmenio*, ſince the faces afforde
So farre an entrie to our firſte deſignes,

Let vs goe proſecute with dint of ſworde
That fortune, which the heauens our hopes aſsignes.
Parm. This high attempt, as we would wiſh ſucceedes.
What hoſtes haue we ouerthrow'n? what cities raz'd?
Loe, populous *Aſia* trembles at our deedes,
And martiall *Europe* doth remaine amaz'd.
Proud *Greece*, whoſe ſpirits oft preaſt to skorne the (skyes,
A proſtrate ſupplicant before thee falles:
Rebellious *Thebes*, that durſt thy power diſpyſe,
Lyes nowe entombed in her broken walles.
That ſea-impyring *Tyre*, repoſing much
In liquide Caſtels, and a wauing maine,
Hath ratified thy forces to be ſuch,
That nothing can reſiſt thy iuſt diſdaine.
No doubt the auncient *Græcians* ghoſts are glad
To ſee the fierce *Barbarians* brought ſo lowe;
Yet are for enuy of thy fortune ſad,
And though vn-bodied bluſhe at this ouerthrowe.
Miltiades by all men was admir'd,
Who once in *Greece* their flying-troupes purſued:
And he that with a ſtratageme retir'd;
And *Salamines* ſtraites with blood imbrued.
But yet for all the Captaines of that age
The Eaſterne Monarckes empire was enlarg'd,
Who comming to their countrie, vvarres to vvage,
The ſea vvith ſhippes, the land vvith armies charg'd.
He vvith moe ſvvarmes of men, then th'Autumns cluſters,
Dry'd riuers vp, and march'd on *Neptunes* backe;
By meaſure, not by nomber made his muſters,
And did attempt the mountaines plaine to make.
Then *Europe* fear'd for to be forc'd to bovve,
Whil'ſt th'earth did groane to beare ſo great an hoſt:
But thou haſt come, ſeene, and ouercom'd them novve
Euen in the boundes vvherein their might vvas moſt.
That hautie foe, vvho vilipended oft
Our predeceſſours armies, and our ovvne,

Novve

Nowe laide as lowe, as he was once aloft,
With his disgrace must make thy valour knowne.
He cannot but acknowledge his distresse
In labouring first to haue his friends restor'd:
This message, potent Prince, imports no lesse:
By his request thy conquest is decor'd.
For the recouerie of his captiu'd Queene
He offred hath innumerable golde;
And would present a treasure to be seene
More, as they say, then *Macedon* may holde.
My counsell is that you accept those offers,
And render her, as th'auncient custome bindes:
Who would make warre must not haue empty coffers:
For hope of gaine moues mercenarie mindes.
And further, if those Princesses doe tarrie,
It sumptuous is to entertaine their state.
Wemen, and babes are cumbersome to carrie;
Th'one young in yeares, and th'other in conceat.
Alex. If I were come to traffick in this land,
And like a greedie merchant to embrace
Before all hope of glorie gaine in hand,
This your inuild opinion might haue place.
But soone I surfet of such melting things,
And famishe but for fame, & crownes of Kings.
Parm. So, were I *Alexander*, would I do.
Alex. If I *Parmenio* were, so would I to.
Parm. Their ransome would defray your souldiers fee.
Alex. I'll rather without ransome set them free.
Parm. The good is lost that's done vnto a fo.
Alex. The greater glorie to o're-comme him so.
Parm. Golde is the God that conquers in all parts.
Alex. True magnanimitie doth rauish harts.
Parm. Riche treasures serue for th'arters of the warre.
Alex. No, but courageous harts that all things darre.
Parm. The want of wages makes a mutinous band,
Alex. But vvho dare disobey, vvhen I command?

Parm. Why ſhould you, Sir, contemne ſo rich a treaſure?
Alex. A noble ſpirit with praiſe no gaine doth meaſure.
Parm. But who delites in ſuch an airie ſtore?
Alex. If I be ſingular, I aske no more.
Parm. Although that you conceaue no ſuch ſuſpition,
Yet I heare howe your ſouldiers oft exclame,
They ſacrifize their bloods for your ambition,
And periſh to perpetuate your name.
And yet, without regarde what they indure,
You compaſſe all the empire of the Eaſt,
And more within your minde: this may procure
Some ſuddaine tumult, when you feare it leaſt.
Retire in time, while as the heauens are cleare:
You haue perform'd, perform'd, and that right ſone,
More thē your own could hope, your foes could feare,
Or then the world can credite, when 'tis done.
Your worth in vvarre is vvonderfullie ſhowne,
And to the terrour of all *Aſia* tryde:
Nowe let your skill in peace be like-vviſe knovvne,
And for the maint'nance of your ſtate prouyde.
Good gouernment the fame of Kings doth raiſe
No leſſe then conqueſt made of Realmes and townes:
'Tis harder farre, and doth deſerue more praiſe
To guide, then get: to keepe, then conquere crownes.
Your glorie in her hieſt ſpheare is plac'd,
And may not moue except it be more lowe:
And if it once diſcend to be diſgrac'd,
Each artizan your ſtatutes will o're-throwe.
For in the vvarre, as you may well perceaue,
No little part dependeth vpon fame:
If vve but once the leaſt affront receaue,
The vvorld vvill gather to extirpe our name.
Then tempt not Fortune further then you neede,
Let reaſon bridle this aſpyring thought:
Leaſt, whil'ſt your hopes vvith fain'd trophees you feed,
A moment turne your trauels all to nought.

Let

Let *Darius* be a liuelie patrone nowe
Of the vn-ſtableneſſe of ſtates and crowwnes:
Him vnto vvhome the Orient once did bowe,
His deſolation onlie nowe renounes.
He hardlie nowv at length become content
To call you King, though tvviſe put in diſ-order:
In dowrie vvith his daughter doth preſent
The famous *Euphrates*, to be your border.
Or othervviſe he condiſcends to giue
Great ſtore of golde, or what your ſelfe deſires,
If that his mother, wife, and children liue,
To haue them rend'red, as he oft requyres.
And let not vaine ambition blind your eies:
Remember vvhat ſtrange nations will embrace him,
Whome ſcarce he knowves by name, or neuer ſees,
Where if he fled, your troups vvould tyre to chace him.
Alex. Peace, peace *Parmenio*, nowv thou makeſt me rage,
With theſe thy vvords vn-vworthy of our eares:
It ſeemes the coldeneſſe of decaying age
Hath kil'd thy courage vvith a froſte of feares.
Did I abandone thee my native ſoile,
And ſhaddow'd vvith my Enſignes vnknowv'n coaſtes,
That after infinite diſtreſſe and toile,
Whil'ſt in contempt of vs our foe yet boaſtes,
I ſhould retire, effecting neught at laſt,
But ſharpned a deſire, t'augment my merites;
Then die in diſcontentment, when 'tis paſt
The time, that ſhould haue pacified my ſpirites?
No, I will raigne, and I will raigne alone:
From this deſſeigne my fancie neuer wanders,
For as the heau'ns can holde no Sunne but one,
The earth cannot containe two *Alexanders*.
The ample circuite of this ſpacious round
Seemes inſufficient to confine my thought:
And ô would God there could moe worlds be found,
That many might t'adorne our deedes be brought.

O, I could wiſhe that th'Ocean were firme land,
Where none but hideous Giants had retreat,
Such as at *Phlegra* fielde in ſtrife did ſtand
Againſt the Gods for the Etheriall ſeate.
These could encourage martiall mindes to ſtrike,
Who being wonne would yeelde eternall praiſe:
I conquere men; but many did the like:
And after-ages may my equall raiſe.
But ſince none ſuch my triumphes are to grace,
Such as there are I'le to ſubiection bring:
And heere I ſweare no kinde of eaſe t'embrace,
Till all the world adore me for their King.
If you or any elſe that liue in dreede
With-drawe your ſelues, your Princes part deſpyſing;
Remember alwaies in his greateſt neede
Ye flee to ſtop his honour in the ryſing.
Paſſe home, and liue like men in priſon pent:
I meaſure not my courage by my numbers.
Parm. Your Maieſtie miſconſters my intent:
You know what I haue thold, what cares, what cumbers,
And all for you: I to your eies appeale,
Which well can witnes what my hands haue wrought.
All that I ſpake, proceeded of a zeale
And not of cowardice, or feare of ought.
Nor matche I vile repoſe with honeſt paines:
My courage is not yet become ſo colde:
That wounted vigour hath not left my vaines,
Which ſpurd my ſpirit in youth, though I be olde.
Alex. 'Tis not ynough that you your ſelfe be ſo:
To be the ſame you ſhould the reſt exhort.
Is he return'd, vvho vvas ordain'd to go
And viewe the Captiues, vvhat doth he report?
Parm. As we vvere ſince by ſome of them inſtructed,
While they as yet not of ſupport diſpair'd,
And to a tent vvere courteſlie conducted,
Which we of purpoſe caus'd to be prepar'd;

Euen in the vvay one fortun'd to eſpy
The Diademe that *Darius* earſt had borne,
Which on the earth ſo abiectlie did ly,
As each thing his calamitie vvould ſcorne.
Then they imagin'd, from his royall head,
Whoſe dignitie it ſome-time did decore,
None could it caſt, except himſelfe were dead:
And if ſo were, they long'd to liue no more.
When they had entred in the tent to weepe,
Leonatus came, and at the entrie knocked:
They ſtood ſo ſtill, he thought an yornie ſleepe
Had lock'd their eies, or elſe that he was mocked.
At length by force he made a patent way,
And was aduanc'd them louinglie to greet;
When loe, theſe dolorous Ladies proſtrate lay,
And with a flood of teares bedew'd his feete.
Then ſobbing ſaide, we not refuſe to die:
Let vs entombe firſt *Darius* like a king:
Then when that we his latter honour ſee,
Death cannot but a great contentment bring.
This ſo they vrg'd, as he could ſcarce perſwade
That *Darius* was not dead as they ſuppoſ'd,
But liu'd, and ſought to haue his hoſte re-made,
And in the pow'r of other Realmes repoſ'd.
And further he proteſted on your part,
That they might looke for clemencie and grace.
Thus after that I had aſſwag'd their ſmart,
They all deſir'd to ſee my Soueranes face.
Alex. Of my good-will they may them ſelues aſſure:
I neuer war'd with ſuch as were ſubiected:
And if my preſence may their eaſe procure,
Straight to their tent my ſteppes ſhall be directed.

Exeunt.

CHO-

CHORVS.

OF all the passions that possesse the soule,
None so disturbes vaine mortals minde:
As this Ambition, that so blindes
The sense of man, that nothing can controule
Nor curb their thoughts who will aspyre.
This raging vehement desire
Of soueraigntie no satisfaction findes,
But in the breastes of men doth euer roule
The restlesse stone of Sisiph to torment them.
And as his hart, who steal'd the heau'nly fire,
The vulture gnawes, so doth Ambition rent them:
Had they the world, the world would not content them.

This race of Ixion to embrace the clowdes,
Contemne the state wherein they stand,
And would all sawe themselues command,
As one desire is quench'd, another buds.
When they haue trauel'd all their time,
Heapt blood on blood, and crime on crime,
There is a hier power that guides their hand.
More happie be whome a poore cottage shroudes
Against the tempest of the threatning heau'n,
He standes in feare of none, none enuy him:
His hart is vpright, and his waies are euen,
Where others states are still twixt fixe and seauen.

That damned wretche vp with Ambition blow'n,
While-as he turnes the wheele about,
Whyles cast within, whyles cast without,
In stryuing for the top is still throwne downe.

Those

Thoſe that delight in climbing hie
Oft with a precepice doe die:
So doe the ſtarres ſky-climbing wordlings flout.
But this diſeaſe is fatall to a croune:
Kings, who haue moſt, ſtriue moſt t'augment their bounds;
And if they be not all, they can not be:
Which to their domage commonly redounds.
Too great a ſtate her proper waight confounds.

Th'ambitious toyling to enlarge their ſtate
Themſelues exceedingly deceaue,
In hazarding the hap they haue
For a felicitie that they conceate.
Though their dominions they increſe,
Yet their deſires growe neuer les:
For thogh they cõquere Climats, more they craue.
This is the miſerie of being great.
Such eye-beguyling pompe is all but fume;
Such glorious ſhowes diſguiſe the minds diſtres;
And who to conquere all the earth preſume,
A little earth ſhall them at laſt conſume.

And if it fortune that they die in peace
(A wonder wondrous rarelie ſeene)
Who conquere firſt; their empyre cleene
Is ruin'd by ſome perſons of their race:
Who comming to the crowne with reſt,
And hauing all in peace poſſeſt,
Do ſtraight forget what bloody broils haue bene
Before their Fathers could attaine that place.
As th'Ocean flowes, and ebbes, ſtates riſe and fall:
And Princes, when their actions proſper beſt,
For feare their greatneſſe ſhould oppreſſe the ſmall,
Are of ſome hated, and envy'd of all.

We knowe what end the mightie Cyrus made,

Whome, whill he ſtryu'd to conquere ſtill,
A woman did moſt vildlie kill,
And in a bloodie veſſell rold his head;
Then ſaide, Content thy ſelf with blood:
Thou ſtill aid'ſt famiſhe for ſuch food:
Now quēch thy thirſt of blood with blood at wil.
Some of his ſucceſſors, ſince he was dead
Haue raign'd a ſpace with pompe, and yet with paine.
Nowe all their glorie cannot doe vs good.
What they ſo long haue laboured to obtaine,
All in an inſtant muſt be loſt againe.

Loe, Darius once ſo magnified by fame,
By one whome he contemn'd o're-come,
For all his brauerie nowe made dombe,
With downe-caſt eyes muſt ſignifie his ſhame.
Who puft vp with pernitious pryde
Thinke ſtill t'haue fortune on their ſyde,
They cannot ſcape to be a pray to ſome.
They ſpend their proſperus dayes as in a dreame,
And as it were in fortunes boſome ſleeping,
They in this dull ſecuritie abyde,
And of their doubtfull ſtate neglect the keeping,
Whill gaiſtlie ruine coms vpon them creeping.

Thus the viciſſitude of worldly things
Doth to our eyes it ſelfe detect,
When heauenly powers exalt, deiect,
Confirme, confound, erect and ruine Kings.
So Alexander mightie now,
To whome the vanquiſh'd world doth bow.
With all ſubmiſſion, homage, and reſpect
Doth fly a borrow'd flight with Fortunes wings:
Nor enters he his dangerous courſe to ponder,
Yet, if that Fortune bend her cloudie browe:

The Tragedie of Darius.

All thoſe, who at his ſuddaine ſucceſſe wonder,
May gaze as muche to ſee himſelf brought vnder.

Actus tertius. Scen. I.

SISIGAMBIS, STATIRA Regina,
STATIRA Virgo.

O Diſmall day deteſted by the light,
And would to God (but God neglects our cace)
The world were wrapt in a Cymerian night,
That no proud eye might gaze on our diſgrace.
Why did the heauens reſerue my feeble age,
To goe to graue with infamie and grief?
Could nothing but my ſhame their wrath aſſwage
Thus offred vp on th'altar of miſchief?
Ah, haue I ſpent my youth in pompe and pleaſure,
And had my ſpring-time grac'd with pleaſant flowres,
That th'Autumne, which ſhould reape the Sōmers treaſure,
Might be diſaſtred with ſuch ſtormy ſhowres?
And did ſmooth calmes, and ſun-ſhines of delight
Make all my voyage through the world a ſport;
That toſſed with a tempeſt of deſpight
I nowe might periſhe entring at my port?
Yet for all this, were I expos'd alone
Th'accurſed obiect of heauens plaguing-armes,
I ſhould not thinke I had iuſt cauſe to mone,
When I but waild mine owne, not others harmes.
Ay me, on thoſe, whome more then life I loue
The ſtate-diſturbing blaſtes of Fortune fall:
Yet each of them ſome ſeuerall ſorrowes moue,
But wretch I ſuffer ſhip-wracke in them all.

I ſuffered, when I ſawe *Oxatres* ſlaine,
My louing ſonne, and moſt entirelie lou'd:
I dy'd in *Darius*, when he try'd in vaine,
What fates would doe, yet ſtill their hatred prou'd.
Ah, doe the deſtinies extend my breath
For further euill? O extreame crueltie,
To vſe ſo many inſtruments of death,
Againſt one burthend with calamitie.
Yet *Ioue*, if this may diſ-en-flambe thine ire,
Let all thy lightning light vpon mine head:
To be conſum'd with a celeſtiall fire
Some comfort were, ſince that I muſt be dead.
Stat. Reg. Leaue mother theſe immoderate laments
To me the very ſource, and ſeate of ſorrowe,
Whoſe dayes are burthen'd with ſo ſad euents,
That hell her ſelfe may of my torments borrowe.
Loe, the deere Lord and treaſure of my thought,
Whoſe preſence I my Paradice eſteem'd,
To ſuch a headlong præcipice is brought,
That with the world his glory dead is deem'd.
Ah, on what prop can I repoſe my truſt,
When firſt the greatneſſe of his ſtate I ponder;
Next how his Diademe drencht in the duſt
Was Fortunes Trophee, and all *Aſias* wonder?
He whoſe imperious ſpeach the world reſpected,
And as an oracle had in regarde,
Nowe vanquiſh't and contemptiblie neglected
Can ſcarcelie as a ſupplicant be heard.
And yet I knowe this more his minde afflicts,
Then doth the ruine of his regall ſtate,
That him my ſight another interdicts,
Who am the ſoueraigne of his ſoules conceat.
Shall he, pure quinteſſence of my beſt part,
Then onlie teſtifie the loue he beares?
No, by mine eyes I will diſtill my hart,
And for his ſake diſſolue my ſelfe in teares.

Would

Would God my breaſt like Criſtall were tranſparent,
That all the world might ſee my ſinceare minde;
And that my loyall thoughts were all apparent,
VVhoſe great affection cannot be confinde.
They haue impriſou'd onlie my poore eies,
And baniſh'd them from th'obiect of their ioy:
My firie hart with winged fancies flyes,
And where thou goeſt doth ſtill thy ſteps conuoy.
Thy Queene is ſuch, as whill thou draw'ſt this aire,
In counting captiues men may ſtill except her:
For whill thou liuſt, how can thy ſpouſe diſpaire,
VVhome thou prefer'ſt euen to thy ſoule & ſcepter?
Yet flatter I my ſelfe that am accurſt:
The apprehenſion, which with greefe I cheriſh,
Of thy miſhap, may ſerue to make me burſt.
Ah, ah I faint, I feele my ſpirites periſhe.
Siſ. Help, help allace, allace, the Empreſſe falles.
Sta.Virg. O dolefull day of darkneſſe; world of woes,
Siſ. This greeuous ſpectacle my ſpirite appalles:
Heauen, earth, and all are nowe become our foes.
Sta.Virg. I may more iuſtlie mone then any other,
VVhoſe eares haue heard the hard-hap of my father;
VVhoſe eies beholde the anguiſhe of my mother,
VVhome both doe loade with all the woes of either.
Stat.Reg. What inhumaine humanity is this,
With ſuch a cruell pittie to oppreſſe;
To bring pale ghoſtes back from the fields of bliſ,
Yet to be plung'd in th'Ocean of diſtreſſe?
O vnkinde kindeneſſe that by ſauing ſlayes,
And would with louelie loue my loue controule:
Ah, of this odious Sunne th'unhappie rayes,
Doe cleere mine eyes but to confounde my ſoule.
Siſ. Deare daughter, ſtryue your paſsions to reſtrain,
Leaſt that the torrent of your greefe growe ſuch,
That it both carrie you to a groundleſſe maine,
And him o'rewhelme for whome, ye murne ſo much.

No doubt but he, if we reſt captiues thus,
Diſdayning theſe indignities of ours,
T'avenge him ſelfe in re-obtayning vs
Will hazard all his Orientall pow'rs.
But ah, what comfort can a wretch afforde,
Whoſe care-worne breaſt the worſt of woe containes?
Yet though my hart would faine impugne my worde,
I hope-leſſe ſpeake of hope, t'appeaſe her paines.
Stat.Reg. Such conſolations nowe come not in ſeaſon,
Since we muſt holde our greefe our greateſt good:
Diſſemble not your ſorrowe, we haue reaſon
Yea to ſigh out our ſpirites and weepe our blood.
Siſ. I waile my ſonne. *Stat.Reg.* And I my husbandes fall.
Stat.Virg. I waile my father, and in him vs all.
Siſ. No woe like mine, mine cannot be releeu'd.
I waile his woe, who ſhould my woe aſſwage,
Who liues by me, by whome I ſhould haue liu'd,
Sport of my youth, and piller of my age.
Stat.Reg. No wo like mine, who faithfull to my pheere
For loue of him all others had forſaken.
But what a pheere? my ſelfe, or one more deere:
Yet from my ſelfe my ſelfe by force am taken.
Stat.Virg. No wo like mine, who borne a Monarcks childe
Thought that my birth good hap ſhould heap vpon me:
Yet all my expectations are beguil'd,
And what I hop'd in moſt hath moſt vndone me.
Siſ. I mourne for him who in my womb was form'd.
St.Reg. I mourne for him in whome loue me transform'd.
Stat.Virg. I mourne for him by whome I formed was.
Siſ. Shall I not ſee my ſelfe in that cleere glaſſe?
Sta.Reg. Ah! ſhall I neuer in his ioy reioice?
Sta.Virg. Ah! ſhall I neuer heare his cheerfull voice?
Siſ. Would God from death my death might him exeeme.
Stat.Reg. Would God my life my liues life might redeeme.
Sta.Virg. Would God the life he gaue him life might giue.
Siſ. Muſt theſe gray haires my ſonnes greene youth ſurviue?

Stat.Reg.

Sta.Reg. I will prevent him and not liue to languiſhe.
Sta.Virg. Can I remaine behinde to liue in anguiſhe?
Siſ. But whiles our vvretched ſtate vve iuſtlie mone,
We may lament this infant too a ſpace,
Who in miſhap inferiour vvere to none,
If he could apprehend his tragick cace.
Sta.Reg. O then how can my hart but burſt a-ſunder,
VVhome nature moues moſt to bewaile his harmes?
I thinke I ſee the hoſtes of heau'n all thunder
On me, my ſpouſe, and this babe in my armes.
Deere image of my ſelfe, in vvhome I liue,
Thy ſhape ſhames not the greatneſſe of thy ſyre,
But of thy birth cleere euidence doth giue:
Thy ſoure-ſvveete ſight addes coales to my deſire.
Thou that ſhouldſt comfort moſt, torment'ſt thou me?
Huge hoſtes of paſsions novve my ſoule aſſembles.
O hovv I grieue! and yet am glade to ſee
Thee, though not him, whome thy ſweet face reſembles.
Goe, beare this babe from hence: a vvound too deep
Makes in my breaſt compaſsion of his part:
Yet let him ſtay; I ioy to heare him vveepe:
This motherlie affection meltes my hart.
Of many vvoes this laſt is not the leaſt,
That vn-begun thy glorie muſt be ended;
Thy fortunes Sunne, my Sonne, ſet in the Eaſt,
VVhile thy faire-ryſing all the vvorld attended.
Ah! muſt this innocent taſte of miſhap,
VVhoſe tender age cannot diſcerne his ſtate,
And be thus plagu'd yea in his nurſes lap
Inherite vvoe by birth? Ah cruell fate.
If thou could'ſt hope, what great hopes haſt thou loſt
That art defrauded of ſo faire a throne?
Ah in thy cradle muſt I ſee thee croſt,
VVhome I deſign'd ſo great vvhen vve vvere gone?
Yet happie hap-leſſe childe, thou canſt not knovve
From vvhence the fountaine of our ſorrovve flovves,

Nor

Nor what 't is for to be hie, or lowe,
Nor on what thorne the roſe of honour growes.
Yet haſt thou felt the pricke before the ſmell.
Is this the benefite thy birth-right brings
Heere in conſtrain'd captiuitie to dwell?
Then better not be borne, then come of Kings.
O what a noiſe is this that does affright me?
I trowe to interrupt theſe teares of mine,
Leaſt that ſuch ſad lamentings ſhould delight me,
They will not let me plaine, yet make me pine.
Or is it ſome that doth condole our cace,
And commes with pittie moou'd to ſee vs pyn'd,
And to beholde howe we can death imbrace,
Death ſoueraigne ſalue of a diſeaſed minde?
Siſ. By many ſignes we may our ſelues aſſure,
'Tis *Alexander*, whome we long'd not for.
Stat. Reg. What? ah I die! and muſt my eyes indure
Th'vpbraiding obiect which I moſt abhorre?
Siſ. Suppreſſe ſuch ſpeaches now, leaſt all go wrong.
We are enuiron'd with outrageous hoſtes:
And weakneſſe muſt giue place vnto the ſtrong:
For Victours rage, when as the vanquiſh'd boſtes.
I will entreat him to, not for my ſelfe
(Mine olde-age is become to death a debter)
But that you may eſchewe this wrackfull ſhelfe,
Whoſe flowre not faded yet deſerueth better.
Stat. Reg. No, if you needs will ſue, ſue for my graue:
I will not be indebted to him liuing:
I rather death ſhould once the maiſtrie haue,
Then I ſhould die ſo oft with death ſtill ſtriuing.

Actus tertius. Scen. 2.

ALEXANDER, SISIGAMBIS, STATIRA Regina, HEPHESTION.

Alex. RIſe mother, riſe, remoue thoſe cauſles feares:
I come t'appeaſe, not to procure your woe:
The honour which I owe thoſe aged heares
Permits me not to ſee you proſtrate ſo.
Sis. Moſt gracious Prince, forgiue me if I er'd,
In taking him for you, that ſtandeth by.
Alex. I finde no fault to ſee my friend prefer'd
Euen to my ſelfe: this is another I.
Sis. My ſorrowes ſo confounded haue my minde,
That ſcarce I knowe my ſelfe, much leſſe another:
My ſoule in ſuch an agonie I finde,
As if ſome mightie mountaine did me ſmoother.
Alex. I pray you, mother, ſet thoſe plaints apart:
They vexe me more then ſterne *Bellonaes* broiles.
Sis. This tender name of mother wounds my hart,
Pronounc'd by him who of that name me ſpoiles.
I was (woe that I was) a mother late
Of two faire ſonnes, faire ſunnes, lights of my life:
Novv th'one is deade, and in a worſe eſtate;
And th'other liues involu'd in wo and ſtrife.
Like th'auncient trunk of ſome diſ-branched tree,
Which *Eols* rage hath to confuſion brought,
Diſ-arm'd of all thoſe impes that ſprung from me,
Vn-profitable ſtock I ſerue for nought.
Stat. Reg. I ſerue for nought, ſince him I cannot ſerue,
Whoſe ſight may onlie my dead ioyes reuiue.

I with the famine of all comfort sterue,
Since I want him for whome I wish'd to liue.
I liue without my halfe, without my whole,
Prodigious monster, whome the world admires:
I want the point, the Pilote, and the Pole,
That drewe, addrest, and gouern'd my desires.
Nowe tos'd with stormes in th'Ocean of dispaire
By ruine onely I attend: eleese,
Threatned aboue with pitchie cloudes of care,
Threatned belovve vvith svvelling gulfes of greefe.
My soule seemes to presage disastrous chances,
And varying with her selfe hath neuer peace:
My hart oppresst falles into deadlie trances:
My eyes must grace the ground of my disgrace.
Hell hath assembled all her horrours heer:
Ah, in the concaue of this cursed breast,
As in the darke Tartarian groues, appeer
A thousand shaddowes to bereaue my rest.
Alex. Faire Princesse, spare those passionate complaintes
Which may augment, but not amend your harmes:
This voice, vvhich with your woe the world acquaints,
Doth moue me more, then all the *Persians* armes.
Madame, take courage, be affraide of none:
Ye may expect what helpe I can afforde:
I sweare by *Ioues* inviolable throne,
And doe protest by my imperiall worde,
That neither I, nor any wight shall wrong you.
Yea more then this, I lay my faith in paund,
Ye shall be honoured heere as doth belong you:
And, as it were, in your owne Court command.
Sta. Reg. Ah, how can I command, whilst I am thrall?
What can I haue who wanting one want all?
Alex. Though it seeme glorious in some victors sight
T'abuse their captiues, and triumph in ill:
The larger growe the confines of my might,
The more I striue for to restraine my will.

The ſauegarde of my fauour ſhall extend
Not only tvvards you, but tvvards all your traine.
I ſhall haue care that vvho on me attend
From offering wrong to you, or yours refraine.
If any preaſe t'impugne vvhat I appoint,
Or vvould in ambuſhe for your honour lie,
Or diſcontent you but in any point,
As *Alexander* liues, that vvretch ſhall die.
Sta. Reg. O vvhat a hoſte of euils, vvhere ere I goe,
Are ſtill encroaching on my down-caſt ſtate?
And muſt I be beholden to my foe,
Who doth deuide me from my royall mate?
Should he helpe me vvho vvould extermine him?
Curſt be my hart, if it betray him thus.
Eternall ſhaddovves mot theſe eies firſt dim,
Ere ſuch a ſight be gratefull vnto vs.
I holde not of my ſelf; Lord, I am thine:
Thy loue vvas ſovv'ne not in a barren field,
But in a fertile ground: this hart of mine
To thee, my deere, no ſmall increaſe doth yeelde.
Yet this good fortune doth miſ-fortune bring;
My conſtancie ſhall novv be clearlie knovvne:
Another might haue lou'd a happie King:
But I will loue thee though thou be o're-throwne.
Alex. Faine vvould I ſtriue to comfort in ſome meaſure
This mourning Queene, and mitigate her paine;
Whoſe vvoe doth make my victorie no pleaſure,
But hath enſovvr'd the ſweetneſſe of my gaine.
Siſ. Moſt mightie King, thou do'ſt deſerue indeede
That, as for *Darius*, we ſhould pray for thee,
Who doeſt ſo farre in clemencie exceede,
That thou bewailſt our loſſe no leſſe then he.
Thou haſt not onely by thy worth ſurmounted
All other Kings in dignitie allone,
And benefites of Fortune moſt accounted,
But in all vertues worthie of a throne.

Thou do'ſt vouchſafe on me (more then I craue)
The title of a Queene, and mother ſtill:
But I confeſſe my ſelfe thy humble ſlaue,
Whoſe life hath now no limites but thy will.
I haue all that imagin'd good forgote,
Which greatneſſe gaue: I'le looke no more ſo ſadlie:
But will allowe of this my preſent lot,
And beare the burthen of my bondage gladlie.
If that this wretched woman heere were free,
Who hath no heauen except her husbands face,
I could content my ſelfe (great Prince) to be
The meaneſt handmaide that attends your grace.
Alex. You may command me, as I were your Sonne,
Whoſe duteous loue ſhall proue no leſſe entire.
Siſ. Heauens recompence the court'ſy thou haſt done
Which all ſucceeding ages ſhall admire.
Alex. Thoſe captiu'd Princeſſes haue pierc'd my ſoule,
Who eu'n amid'ſt our heauen haue found a hell.
Hep. What ſtoick brow his paſsions could controule,
As not to weepe, if he re-marked well
The teares of theſe faire Ladies cauſing wonder,
Who neede not challenge nature of her dutie;
But borne to bring, although they be brought vnder,
Giue greefe a grace for to apparrell beautie.
Sir, ſuch a victorie hath not beene ſeene
As you haue gain'd, whoſe greatneſſe well appeares;
The largeſt kingdome, and the faireſt Queene,
That *Aſia* vaunted of theſe many yeares.
Durſt *Iedaes* or *Agenors* brood compare
With that ſweete Queene, the honour of her kinde?
But as ſhe is aboue all other faire,
As farre her daughters make her goe behinde.
It ſeem'd at firſt that ſorrowe had beene ſleeping
While as theſe Virgines in their Grand-dames boſome
With weeping beautie, and with beauteous weeping
Did with a haile of pearle blaſt beauties bloſſome.

So

So large a pow'r is to no Prince alotted,
As to loues Empire in their face confynd.
Alex. O howe is my *Hepheſtion* thus aſſotted?
Dare follie ſeeke t'aſſault ſo braue a minde?
Dare *Cupide* enter in an armed campe,
And *Mars* owne minions thus preſume to danton?
Muſt his ſoft ſeale ſteele-wearing ſtomacks ſtampe,
And make them tributaries to that wanton?
Hep. We dare reſiſt (whil'ſt many a thouſand dyes)
Againſt th'inuaſion of a world of men:
Yet if in yvorie orbes two Sunnie eyes
Aſſault the ſoule at vn-awarres, O then
Some ſecrete ſympathie, ſome vn-knowne motion
So charmes the minde, that vaine are all defenſes:
The hart drunk with the eyes contagious potion
Currupts the ſpirits and poiſons all the ſenſes.
Alex. But I in my conceat doe skorne all ſuch:
No, I reſolue to be a thrall to none:
Yea, ere I but abaſ'd my ſelf ſo much,
I'le rather die ten thouſand deathes in one.
Should I be bound with vile affections chaines,
As one oblivious of my former fame?
This reſolution ſtill my ſoule retaines,
To ballance nothing with a noble name.
O what a great indignitie is this,
To ſee a Conquerour to his luſt a ſlaue?
Who would the title of true worth were his
A minde ſurmounting euerie vice muſt haue.
The braueſt trophee euer man obtain'd
Is that, which ou'r himſelfe himſelf hath gain'd.
Hep. I ioy, my ſoueraigne, that as you excell
Not onely men, but *Mars* himſelfe in armes:
So you by vertues might the power repell
Of beautie, loue, and *Citherea's* charmes.
Your vertue bright, whoſe rayes ſhine in your words
And thence to my harts center are reflected;

Now ouer my ſelfe ſuch pow'r to me affordes,
That with fond loue I loth to be infected.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius. Scen. 3.

BESSVS, NARBAZANES.

Bes. NOw ſince, *Narbazanes*, we are come hither,
Let vs accompliſh what we haue intended:
And ioyne our wit, our force, and all together,
That it may be no ſooner knowne then ended.
You ſee occaſion call vs, whil'ſt we ſleepe,
And points vs out the way to be advanc'd;
Yea blames our ſluggiſhneſſe that cannot keepe
The courſe of things which for our weale haue chanc'd.
The heauens abhorre our King, & ſtriue t'vndo him:
Nothing doth proſper that he enterpriſes:
Some newe diſaſter daylie falles vnto him:
Some croſſe o'erthwarts all things that he deuiſes.
In no ſtrict limites ſhuld our thoughts be bounded,
Whome ſo great happineſſe ſeemes to importune:
For ſince our King is like to be confounded,
Vpon his fall we both may builde our fortune.
Na. I ſhall not faill for to performe my part:
I of your words exceedinglie allowe:
Honour, and wealth are th'idoles of my hart,
Which if I may obtaine, I care not how.
And yet I would we had ſome faire pretence.
Our countries care muſt ſeeme our ſoules to comber:

This

This ſeeming zeale muſt ſhaddovve our offence:
For ſuch a ſhowe will ſatisfie a nomber.
Let vs be well aduiſ'd, ere vve reſolue:
And then endevour t'execute it ſoone.
If we our ſelues once in this vvorke involue,
And then not finiſhe it, we are vndone.
Beſ. He hath ſent one to *Alexander* late
To ſpeake of peace, but this he did in vaine:
And novve involu'd in a deſpair'd eſtate,
Bar'd from accorde, he cannot warre ſuſtaine.
His purpoſe is his Captaines to convene,
To aske of them ſome counſell for his ſaftie:
A time more fitte for vs could not haue bene.
Who minde to compaſſe Kings muſt needs be craftie.
For to atchieue that which we thinke to doe,
A vaile more fit we by no meanes could finde,
Then crooked ſeeming-vpright counſell to
Diſguiſe our practiſes, and maske our minde.
We will aduiſe him to renounce a ſpace
His ſtate to ſome one, whome he may deſire
But for the faſhion to accept his place,
And as himſelfe a certaine time impyre.
Whoſe better fortune may perchance bring back
That which his euer ebbing beares away:
Then he againe his Diademe ſhall take,
And as before the regall ſcepter ſvvay.
Na. Well then amongſt our ſelues, t'avoide debate
Which vndermines ſo many a mightie action.
I will preferre you to the Imperiall ſeate,
And to approue the ſame will frame my faction.
Beſ. All that is one, which of vs tvvo receaue it,
Since euery thing doth equallie belong vs:
I'le take it for the forme, not that I craue it,
For vve vvill part his Empire all among vs.
But if he condiſcend to this vve craue,
Which at the firſt vnfolding would ſeeme good:

Let

Let him not thinke vs two ſuch fooles to leaue
That which ſo manie Monarcks buy with blood.
Who once aduanc'd vvould vvillingly goe dovvne,
And not loue in authoritie to ſtand?
'Tis not the cuſtome ſo to quite a Crovvne,
When one hath knovv'n how ſweeet it's to command.
This name of faith but to get credite faind,
If it were ballanc'd with a kingdome, ſtraight
In them whoſe conſciences are moſt reſtrain'd
Would ſoone ſuccumbe, a ſcepter hath ſuch waight.
Na. Yet to betray our King vve haue no reaſon:
When I muſe on th'attempt it makes me ſorrie:
Our name ſtain'd vvith this odious ſtile of treaſon
Shall leaue our ſucceſſours more ſhame, then glorie.
VVe firſt muſt end all our deſignes vvith paine,
Then raigne with feare, and liue ſecurelie neuer;
As in a dreame a ſpace with pompe remaine,
Then die diſgrac'd, and infamous for euer.
The ſacred title of a Soueraigne King
Doth ſtrike a terrour in my troubled thought,
And maieſtie, t'amaze my minde, doth bring,
VVhoſe aſpect onlie hath great wonders vvrought.
Beſ. To idle ſounds, and frivolous reports
Giue thou a paſ-porte, for they laſt not long:
And all that thou alledgeſt nought imports.
A Crovvne may couer any kinde of vvrong.
VVhat hainous thing ſo odious is by nature,
That for a Kingdome hath not beene committed:
To be a King let me be cal'd a traitour;
Faith, if for ought, for this may be omitted.
Thoſe are but feeble braines, vvhich fancies lode
VVith timorous dreames, that bare ſurmiſing brings.
VVho feare vaine ſhaddowes muſt not come abrode.
Too warie-wits dare neuer worke great things.
If our braue proiect happilie ſucceede,
(As nowe I doubt not but it ſhall do ſoone)

VVe

We ſtraight vvill finde enough t'applaud our deede,
And ſooth vs vp in all that we haue done.
Na. To haue the time and manner then præfixt,
Command the *Bactrians* all themſelues to arme,
And to attend till we aduertiſe next,
Prompt for all perils at the firſt alarme.
Then through the Campe a rumour we will ſpread,
That hopeleſſe *Darius* hath diſpairdlie gone
With violence to dwell amongſt the dead,
And ſeeme therefore exceſsiuelie to mone.
The *Perſians* we vvith promiſes muſt feede,
So to diſarme him of his natiue pow'rs:
Then vve vvill apprehend himſelf vvith ſpeede:
For vvhill that he is free nothing is ours.
That vve may ſeeme to vſe him vvith reſpect,
(As to the ſtate of ſuch a Prince pertaines:)
We vvill not this laſt ornament neglect;
He ſhall be bound but bound vvith golden chaines.
To *Alexander* after vve vvill ſend,
And offer *Darius* in his hands t'appeaſe him;
Then craue his fauour, that he vvill defend
Vs as his friends, vvho haue done all to pleaſe him;
If his good-vvill vve cannot thus procure,
And he vs vvith extremitie purſue;
With *Darius* death vve vvill our ſtates aſſure,
Then raiſe freſhe forces, and the warres renue.
Beſ. Let vs henceforth for nothing be diſmaide,
But ſtriue our ſelues courageouſlie to beare:
This dangerous action would not be delai'd,
Leaſt time worke his aſſurance, and our feare.

Exeunt.

The Tragedie of Darius.

CHORVS.

TYme, through Ioues iudgement iuſt,
Huge alterations brings:
Thoſe are but fooles that truſt
In tranſitory things,
Whoſe tailes beare mortall ſtings,
Which in the end will wound.
And let none thinke it ſtrange,
Though all things earthly change
In this inferiour rounde.
What is from ruine free?
The elementes which be
At variance (as we ſee)
Eache other doe confounde:
The earth and aire make warr:
The fire and water are
Still wreſtling at debate:
All thoſe through colde and heate,
Through drouth, and moiſture iar:
No wonder though men change & fade,
Who of thoſe changing elemẽts ar made.

How dare vaine worldlings vaunt
Of fortunes goodes not laſting,
Euils that our wittes enchaunt,
Expos'd to loſſe and waſting.
Loe we to death are haſting,
Whilſt we theſe things diſcuſſe.
All things from their beginning,
Vnto an end are running:
Heauen hath ordain'd it thus.

We

The Tragedie of Darius.

We heare how heauen doth thunder:
We see earth burst a sunder;
And yet we neuer ponder,
What this importes to vs.
Those fearfull signes doe proue,
The angrie pow'rs aboue
Are mou'd to indignation
Against this wretched nation,
Which they no longer loue:
What ar we but a puffe of breath,
Who liue assur'd of nothing but of death?

Who was so happie yet,
As neuer had some crosse:
Though on a Throne he sit,
And is not vs'd with losse,
Yet fortune once will tosse
Him, when that least he would.
If one had all at ones
Hydaspes *pretious stones,*
And yellow Tagus *golde,*
The Orientall treasure,
And euerie earthly pleasure,
Euen in the greatest measure,
It should not make him bold.
For while he liues secure,
His state is most vnsure.
When it doth least appeere,
Some heauie plague drawes neere,
Destruction to procure.
We may compare th'earths glory to a flowre,
That flourisheth & fadeth in an houre.

In what we most repose
We find our comfort light:
The thing we soonest lose

Is precious in our sight.
For honour, riches, might
Our liues im-paund we lay:
Yet all like flying shaddowes,
Or flowres enambling medowes,
Euanishe and decay.
Long time we toile to finde
Those idoles of the minde,
Which got we cannot binde
T'abide with vs one day.
Then why should we presume
On treasures that consume,
Difficile to obtaine,
Difficile to retaine,
A dreame, a breath, a fume;
Which vexe them most who them possesse,
Who starue with store, and famishe with excesse.

Actus quartus. Scen. I.

DARIVS, TIRIOTES.

Tir. AH, must I poison nowe my Princes eares
with the worst newes that euer burthē'd fame?
Had I as many tongues, as I haue teares,
All vvould not serue my sorrowes to proclame.
Dar. Great signes of greefe I in thy face discerne:
Spare not for to report this heauie crosse
To one, I feare, vvhome it doth most concerne.
I'st of my honour, life, and ioy, the losse?
Tell on the summe of horrour at the first:
With no ambiguous vvords my paine prolong:

'Tis

'Tis comfort to a vvretch to knovv the vvorſt:
And I haue learn'd to be vnhappie long.
What leaſt I ſpeake, and yet ſuſpect too much,
I'ſt ſome ludibrious meſſage of my skorne,
Which muſt wound me? but ah no torment ſuch,
As this to them vvho that diſgrace haue borne.
Tir. She was not wrong'd, as you haue miſ-conceau'd.
The Gods haue had a care for to preſerue her:
Such fauour of the victour ſhe receau'd,
As of her ſubiects that were bound to ſerue her.
But what a vollie doth my voice prepare
Of woes to charge your eares, woes full of dread?
Would God ere I the ſomme thereof declare,
That I might die in ſaying ſhe is dead.
Curſt caitiue, vvas it not ynough, allas,
That I beheld her die, and would haue died,
But that I muſt arm'd with ſad tidings pas
To vvound all them that heare what I haue ſpyed?
See how he fares ſhot with theſe words of mine,
And is become the pray of greefe, and death.
Dar. Yet doth the Sunne on my affliction ſhine,
And ſees the aire infected with my breath.
And can I liue, and looke them in the face,
Who haue my ignominious o'rethrow ſeene?
And how I vanquiſh'd, vanquiſh'd with diſgrace
Engag'd at once my kingdome, and my Queene?
Heauen bruſe me all to powder with thy thunder,
That I no more may in the world remaine
The obiect of thy wrath, and Fortunes wonder;
Spoil'd of all hope; yet kept for greater paine.
Ah! art thou dead, and doe I liue behind thee?
Thy faultie husband thinkſt thou ſo to flie?
If it be thus, then I knovve vvhere to finde thee.
This only greeues me that too late I die.
O *Alexander*, vvhat ſuch hainous ill
Haue I done thee, that thou requit'ſt me thus?

Whome of thy freindes, or kindred did I kill?
This crueltie comes vndeſeru'd of vs.
Think that thou hadſt iuſt cauſes to make warre:
Yet vpon women ſhould thy wrath be wroken?
This Tirannie ſhall all thy Triumphe marre,
And euer ſhall to thy reproach be ſpoken.
Tir. Sir, without cauſe ye guiltie him eſteeme.
I know her death did grieuouſlie diſpleaſe him:
A wondrous thing, (which few, or none would deeme)
He tooke it ſo, that no thing could appeaſe him.
Euen as my Soveraine now, ſo then he ſmarted;
And when he come to eaſe your mothers grief,
As if that his owne mother had departed;
He ſeem'd to neede, not for to giue relief.
Dar. If any ſponkes of that reſpect remaine,
Which ſhould with reaſon moue thy minde to ruth,
I pray thee *Tiriotes* now be plaine,
Or els ſtrang torments ſhall exact the truth:
I loth to let this queſtion ſcape my mouth,
Which both I bluſhe to craue, and long to know,
I'ſt poſſible ſo inſolent a youth
Did neuer temot the treaſure which I owe?
Could this imperious Prince in flowre of age
Haue ſuch a peereleſſe beautie in his povver,
And yet not ſeeke to quenche his ardent rage
With the deſtruction of her honours flovvre?
Spare not to tell vpon vvhat deadlie ſhelfe
My ioye is periſhed, and I defac'd.
The feare of euill is worſe then th'euill it ſelfe:
I'ts to die twiſe, to die, and die diſgrac'd.
Ti. Let not thoſe loue-bred feares abuſe your thought:
By all the vvorld no fable I contriue.
If I ſpeake partiallie, or lie in ought,
Earth open vp, and ſvvallovve me aliue.
Hevvhome your Grace ſo vvrongfullie ſuſpects,
No, not in thought, hath once your Queene abuſ'd,

But as his ſiſter ſtill in all reſpects,
As chaſtlie, and as honourablie vſ'd.
When fortune firſt our warlike troupes had ſcattered,
And vvith great ſlaughter put them all to flight;
We, vvhome ſhe late ſo louinglie had flattered,
Were made the patterns of that changelings might.
For hauing found a Crovvne tred on the ground.
Dar. O laſting ſhame that cannot be recur'd.
Tir. We ſtraight conceated that ſome cruell wound
Had kild my Lord, and vvail'd it as aſſur'd.
Dar. Would God I then had died, as I deſir'd,
To haue prevented thoſe enſuing harmes,
Before my honour and my hap expir'd,
With Crovvne on head, & with my Queene in armes.
Tir But *Alexander* hauing heard our cryes
Sent one t'enquire th'occaſion of our vvoe;
Who finding vvhence our errour did ariſe,
Gaue full aſſurance that it vvas not ſo.
Then he himſelfe vnto our tent reſorted,
And vvith moſt courteous ſpeaches full of loue
Your mother, vvife, and children he exhorted
Such vaine ſurmized terrours to remoue.
With proteſtation that they ſhould expect
No harme of him their courage to appale:
Each thing he did accordinglie direct,
That no man might endomage them at all.
Thus hauing them againſt all dangers arm'd
(I thinke for feare, for who would not haue fear'd
Leaſt ſuch an Angels graces had him charm'd)
He neuer more before her face appear'd.
Or vvas it vertue that vvould flie the ſting
Of truſtleſſe pleaſures that abuſe the ſenſe?
So continent a victour, and a King
Was neuer ſeene. He fled vvhat caus'd offence.
He doth his fame aboue all things prefer,
And vvill not be vvhere it may blemiſhe fiude,

Nor

Nor giue his eyes commoditie to erre,
Nor ſuffer impure thoughts to ſtaine his minde.
He ſtai'd vvhill that faire face had loſt all vigour,
And vvith the coullours of pale death vvas painted.
Dar. Iniurious heauen that vvith ſuch helliſh rigour
The pureſt vvork that nature made hath tainted.
Tir. When he beheld death triumph in that face,
Which late had triumph'd ou'r a Monarcks hart,
He mon'd no leſſe her miſerable cace,
Then ye that loſte in her your better part.
And vvhen ſome dayes his dolour had ou'r-come,
Her funerals ſolemnelie to decore
He vſ'd ſuch honour, as might vvell become
The *Perſian* pompe in proſperous times before.
Dar. O ſupreame pow'r that of Empires diſpoſeſt,
And ratifieſt thy vvill vvith fearfull thunder,
Who, as thou pleaſeſt, placeſt, and de-poſeſt
Vncertaine vvorldlings vvhiles aboue, whiles vnder,
I pray thy Deitie in my ſoules diſtreſſe,
If that th'inhabitants of heauen can heare
The plaints of thoſe vvho this lovve point poſſeſſe,
Or that th'immortall can giue mortals eare,
Vouchſafe this my laſt ſute for to fulfill:
Eſtabliſhe firſt this ſcepter in my hand:
But if through my deſerving, or thy vvill
The race of *Cyrus* muſt no more command;
And if thy heauenly breaſt ſuch hate contracts,
That I muſt needes my Diademe forgoe:
Let him ſucceede vvho prooues in all his acts
So iuſt a Victour, and ſo mylde a foe.

The Tragedie of Darius.

Actus quartus. Scen. 2.

DARIVS, ARTABAZVS, NARBAZANES, PATRON, BESSVS.

Dar. IF Fortune had ioynd me with daſtard mindes,
Who to a noble death baſe life prefer'd,
I ſhould not harrengue heere vnto the windes,
But be content to haue my fate defer'd.
O, I repent I procu'd your worth too much,
Who ſtill haue follow'd me in all eſtates.
I rather ſhould, then doubt that you are ſuch,
Preaſe to proue worthie of ſo valiant mates.
Ye onlie reſt of all that I conducted,
Of whoſe great force and faith, vvhich many ſing,
I by two flights, and flights haue bene inſtructed:
Yet hauing you I thinke my ſelfe a King.
He hath plac'd traitours in my townes moſt ample,
Not that he honours them (he hates their humour)
But to ſeduce you to by their example,
Then banniſh all for euery little rumour.
Ye haue not to my Fortune had regarde,
But freelie-follow'd my euill fortun'd warres:
Which, though that I might not, *Ioue* will rewarde,
And all the vvorld extoll you to the ſtarres.
Hovve long ſhall I a vagabond remaine,
And flie a ſtranger vvho my right vvould reaue?
Since by one battell we may re-obtaine
All that we loſt, or looſe all that vve haue.
Like thoſe vile traitours, vvhome I vvill arraigne

To holde me vp, ſhall I goe caſt me downe?
Muſt *Darius* onlie by entreatie raigne?
No, none hath pow'r to take, or giue my Crowne.
I ſhall not my authoritie ſur-viue,
Nor will I proffer a ſubmiſsiue breath:
My hand ſhall holde a ſcepter while I liue:
My heade ſhall beare a Diademe till death.
If thoſe franke thoughts that doe poſſeſſe my ſoule,
Such flames of vertue kindled haue in you;
A *Macedonian* neuer ſhall controule
Our noble actes, nor laugh to ſee vs bow.
My ſtate may teſtifie fraile Fortunes change:
May ſhe not him o're-whelme, as vvell as me?
At leaſt our hands beare death, if not revenge;
For vvho can ſtop a ſtout hart for to die?
Thinke of your auncestors, I you exhort,
Who made the *Grecians* tributaries euer;
And of whoſe wondrous actes men do report
Great things, the fame whereof ſhall periſhe neuer.
Shall future ages in your praiſe be domb,
Whil'ſt they your Fathers memorie adore?
I am reſolu'd, my Triumphe, or my Tomb
A Laurell, or a Cipreſſe ſhall decore.
Art. What vain amazement doth diſturbe our ſpirits?
Let vs conſult no further but goe to.
He, who the *Perſians* worth inherites,
Will not reſt long aduyſing what to doe?
Come let vs vvith our beſt attire and armes
Accompanie our King to this laſt ſtrife:
Through bloody ſquadrons, and through hote alarmes
By ſlaughter onlie we muſt looke for life.
And when our hoſt, as I hope ſhall preuaile,
Our countrie ſhall haue peace, we praiſe of right:
And if our Fortune, not our courage, faile,
We die with honour in our Soueraignes ſight.
Let vs, if vanquiſh'd, be aſham'd to be.

A glo-

A glorious death may greater honour giue.
Doe to o're-come, and yet not feare to die.
It's needefull that we fight, not that we liue.
Na. My words will firſt your Maieſtie diſpleaſe:
Yet dutie makes me ſpeake where ſilence ſpilles:
The fine Phiſician cures a ſharpe diſeaſe
With ſome ſowre potion that corruption killes.
The skilfull Pilote when he feares a ſtorme,
To ſaue the ſhip will caſt out precious things:
Yet I perſwade you not in any forme
To further, but to ſtay what ruine brings.
We vvarre againſt the Gods, vve cannot ſpeede:
To all our actions Fortune is oppoſ'd.
We muſt of force ſome other way proceede:
So haue the heau'ns of our affaires diſpoſ'd.
Deare Sir, giue ou'r the gouernment and ſtile
To ſome more happie man, not in effect;
But cloth him vvith your ſhaddow for a while,
Till he your Realmes halfe ruind re-erect.
When he hath calm'd this tempeſt novve ſo hote,
And ſetled *Aſia* with a good ſucceſſe;
He will your kingdomes loſt with what he gote
Reſtore: appeerance promiſes no leſſe.
All *Bactria* yet abyds at your command:
The *Indians*, loe, would die to doe you good:
Yea many thouſand thouſands armed ſtand,
Bent for your pleaſure to beſtovve their blood.
What? ſhould vve ruſh like beaſtes to needles ſtrife?
Be well prepar'd, and then purſue that ſtranger:
Braue mindes ſhould death deſpiſe not lothing life.
Baſe covvards craue to die for feare of danger.
But vertue, to haue no ſupport ou'r-paſt,
Will firſt on all meanes poſsible be thinking:
And when that all is proou'd, death is the laſt,
To vvhich it is ynough to goe not ſhrinking.
Nowe for the time let *Bactria* be our ſeat,

To *Beſſus* for the forme your Crovvne reſigne:
Who, vvhen he once hath re-advanc'd your ſtate,
Shall quite all ſoueraigntie at the firſt ſigne.
Dar. Wretch, travelleſt thou thy ſoueraigne to betray?
Such treaſon dareſt thou to our eares impart?
Such treaſon vnder truſt? Stay traitour, ſtay;
Ile ſheath my ſvvorde euen in thy traiterous hart.
Art. Sir, ye muſt ſtriue to haue this paſsion broken.
Conſider what they are, what is the time:
It may be they through ignorance haue ſpoken:
In thought, and not in word, conſiſts a crime.
Since to affront your enemie ye goe,
You muſt not ſturre for euery little obiect:
But tollerate your owne, t'offend your foe.
For nowe i'ts time to loue not loſe a ſubiect.
I ſhall get triall vpon what pretence
This ou'r-ſight in aduiſe hath bene committed.
If through ſimplicitie, not for offence,
He muſt be pardon'd, and his ſpeach remitted.
Dar. I wiſhe that it were ſo. I take no pleaſure
To ruine them that vvould my fortune cheriſhe.
Na. Your Grace will grant me mercy in ſome meaſure.
Firſt heare, and if I faile, then let me periſhe.
I call the Gods to witneſſe of my cace,
Who can decipher euery ſecret thought:
If I intended treaſon twards your Grace,
Straight where I ſtand let me be turn'd to nought.
I counſel'd but according to my skill:
It was my vpright minde that made me bolde:
I rue my wit not anſvver'd to my vvill:
Yet zeale what it conceaues muſt needes vnfolde.
We ſhould bewarre to ſpeake in great affaires,
Where vvords are damn'd, or ballanc'd by th'euent.
For if things faile, the fault is ſtill thought theirs
Who gaue th'aduiſe, though of a good intent.
I fall before your feete heere for refuge:

Then

Then let me not be vvithout cauſe reiected:
At leaſt, examine firſt before you iudge:
Ile rather die abſolu'd, then liue ſuſpected.
Dar. Your fond opinion firſt was to be fear'd,
Which ſeem'd indeede ſiniſtrouſlie inclind:
For at the firſt your ſpeech to me appear'd
Th'envenom'd birth of ſome malitious minde.
But ſince you purge you ſo, Ile not arraigne you,
Nor further call your loyaltie in doubt:
But in the ſame degree of grace retaine you,
That you vvere in before theſe vvords brake out.
I thinke that *Patron* lookes with ſpeaking eies,
As if his minde were mightilie perplexed:
Come, *Patron*, tell vvhat in thy boſome lyes,
Wherevvith thou ſeemeſt ſo vvonderfullie vexed.
Pa. Sir, I would ſpeake in priuie, if I could,
That vvhich th'affection of my ſoule affordes:
It muſt be ſeal'd vvith ſilence, and I vvould
That none vvere preſent to report my vvords.
Of fiftie thouſand *Greekes* foure onlie reſt,
Companions in all perils vvith your hoſt:
Alike with you delighted and diſtreſt:
As faithfull novv, as vvhen ye flouriſh'd moſt.
Where you remaine we muſt remaine vvith you:
All kinde of fortunes haue vs ioyn'd togeather.
Appoint our tents for your Pauilion novve;
And vve vvill guarde you, if that ye come thither.
We haue abandon'd *Greece*, our natiue ſoile:
We haue no *Bactria* to be our retreat:
Our hope is all in you: thoſe that would ſpoile
Vs of your perſon ruine all our ſtate.
Would God that all your armie did their due:
To vſe moe words th'occaſion is not fit.
I ſhould not vrge you, if your owne vvere true,
Your cuſtodie to ſtrangers to commit.
Dar. What ſuddaine accident doth thus diſmay you

That you ſuch inconveniences forecaſt?
Pa. Sir, *Beſſus* and *Narbazanes* betray you:
This day to you, or them vvill be the laſt.
They faine repentance onlie to diſſemble,
Till euery thing be for the fact prepar'd.
Their friends in haſte doe all their force aſſemble,
And once ere night minde to invade your guarde.
Dar. I credite you: but yet I cannot vvrong
My ſubiects ſo, to thinke of them the worſt:
Shall I leaue them who follow'd me ſo long?
So doing were I wretched and accurſt.
I will avvaite on vvhat the heau'ns vvill offer,
For vvho can ſtand vvhen fates his fall conſpire?
Among my ovvne I vvillinglie will ſuffer.
I liue too long if they my death deſire.
Beſ. Take heede, Sir, to this ſubtile-witted Greeke:
The *Grecian* faith to all the world is knowne.
I am enform'd he by all meanes doth ſeeke
To winne his grace who hath you ouer-throwne.
And maruell not though mercenarie men,
Who ſell themſelues, ſell all: beleue them neuer.
They haue no God but golde, nor houſe: how then
Can they be conſtant that are changing ever?
Although that he pre-occupie you thus,
And others vvho themſelues abuſe your Grace:
Faith ſhall be found inviolate in vs,
When our accuſer dare not ſhowe his face.
Dar. Who hope to haue of *Alexander* gaine,
Or honour to be falſe, they haue no reaſon:
No man in earth doth traitours more diſdaine,
Nor more ſeuearlie will b'aveng'd on treaſon.
Beſ. VVell, Sir, ye ſhall ſee ſhortly what we are:
I will goe ſee your Enſignes all diſplaied.
Dar. It's better novv ſince things are gone ſo farre,
Then ſeeme for to miſtruſt, to be betraide.

Loe,

Loe *Artabazus*, I haue acted heere
My part of greatneſſe, and my glaſſe is run.
Nowe *Patrons* ſpeech doth euident appeere.
I ſee my end, yet can it no way ſhun.
Art. The *Bactrians* only medled haue with this.
Go to the *Græcians* campe, when that is done.
And vvhen your danger once diuulged is,
The *Perſians* all will followe after ſone.
Dar. And vvhat if I vvere gone to *Patrons* Tent,
And guarded with the *Greekes* as ye deſire:
He hath but thouſands foure that are well bent;
They thirtie thouſand vvho my fall conſpire.
And doing this I ſhould their deede excuſe,
In giuing them a motion vvho haue might.
They may indeede my lenitie abuſe:
But by my deed they ſhall pretend no right.
Art. O deplorable Prince, who can but weepe
To ſee thee now reduc'd to this eſtate?
Dar. Retire you all, and ſeeke your ſelues to keepe;
I heere attend the iſſue of my fate.
I knowe ye wonder all howe I can ſtand,
Downe from the top of all contentment throwne,
And not die deſperately by mine owne hand.
Ile die through others guilt, not through myne owne.
None of you all haue falſified your troath,
But with me loyall to th'end ye abyde.
Nowe I you all disburthen of your oath:
Leaue me alone, and for your ſelues prouyde.

Exeunt.

The Tragedie of Darius.

DARIVS:

O Wretched Monarchie, vaine mortals choice,
The glorious ſtep to a diſgrace-full fall:
Our pow'r depends vpon the peoples voice,
And to ſeeme ſoueraigne needs vve muſt ſerue all.
Yet blovvne, like blathers, with ambitions winde,
On enuied ſcepters weaklie we relie:
And calling not our fraile eſtate to minde,
Not onlie earth, but heauens themſelues defie.
This helliſhe hag our reſtleſſe minde doth toſſe,
Whill carried with a popular applauſe,
T'enlarge our limites with our neighbours loſſe,
We of our owne confuſions are the cauſe.
And when th'eclipſe commes of our glories light,
Then what auailles this glorie of our name:
A meere illuſion made to mock the ſight,
Whoſe beſt was but the ſhaddowe of a dreame?
Let greatneſſe of her glaſsie ſcepters vaunt;
Not ſcepters, no, but reedes, ſoone bruſ'd, ſone broken:
And let this worldlie pompe our wits enchant.
All fades, and ſcarcelie leaues behinde a token.
Thoſe golden Pallaces, thoſe gorgeous halles,
With fourniture ſuperfluouſlie faire:
Thoſe ſtatelie Courts, thoſe ſky-encountring walles
Evaniſhe all like vapours in the aire.
O what affliction iealous greatneſſe beares,
That ſtill muſt trauell to holde others downe;
Whil'ſt all our guardes not guard vs from our feares?
So greevous is the burthen of a Crowne.
Where are they all who at my feete did bowe,
While I was made the idole of ſo many?
What ioy had I not then? what haue I nowe?

Then

Then honoured of all, nowe ſcarce of any.
Our painted pleaſures but apparrell paine:
We ſpend our daies in dread, our liues in dangers,
Balles to the ſtarres, and thralles to Fortunes raigne,
Knowne vnto all, yet to our ſelues but ſtrangers.
A golden Crowne doth couer leaden cares:
The Scepter cannot lulle their thoughts a-ſleepe,
Whoſe breaſtes are fraught with infinite diſpaires,
Of which the vulgar wits ſounds not the deepe.
The Bramble growes, although it be obſcure;
While mightie Cedars feele the bluſtering windes:
And milde Plebeian ſpirites may liue ſecure,
While mightie tempeſts toſſe imperiall mindes.
What are our dayes, but dreames, our raignes but trances,
Whil'ſt brain-ſicke reaving with our Fortunes feuer,
We are ſtill vext with changes and miſchances,
Till death vs both from life and ſcepter ſeuer?
The vanitie of greatneſſe I haue proou'd,
And bene the wonder of each gazing eie:
Nowe that deceauing ſhaddowe is remoou'd;
And I my wretched ſtate too late eſpie.
Nowe bound with chaines, (which though they be of golde,
Diminiſhe not my thraldome ought the more)
When this prepoſterous honour I beholde,
It but vpbraides me vvhat I vvas before.
And what vvas I before (though to each eie
The forme of my affliction vvas not knowne)
But fettred in effect, while I ſeem'd free,
And in a labyrinth of labours throwne?
Was I not bound to ſerue then all mens humour,
Or to be cenſur'd with ſome Critick ſtorie;
Still cleg'd with cares, afflought for euery rumour.
O glorious bondage, burthen-able glorie.
That dignitie which deified me late,
And made the world doe homage to my name,
Now cannot ſuccour my accurſed ſtate,

But hath with my miſ-fortune fethered fame.
My beſt vvas but a momentarie blis,
Which leaues behinde this euerlaſting ſting,
That of all vvo no vvo is like to this,
To thinke I vvas, and am not novv a King.
No man vvith me in all accompliſh'd ioyes,
That ſatisfie the ſoule, could once compare:
No man may matche me novv in ſad annoyes,
And all the miſeries that breede diſpaire.
Thriſe Fortune did my gallant troupes entrap,
And I to fall did deſperatelie ſtand;
Yet could not be ſo happie in miſhap,
As to haue died by ſome renovvmed hand.
But for my greater griefe, diſgrace, and skorne,
(The mindes of men ſo apt are to deceaue)
They vvhome aloft my favours vvings haue borne,
Ev'n they made me their maiſter thus a ſlaue.
Ah, did not death in priſon from me reaue
The ſacred ſoueraigne of my ſoules deſires,
I wretche not being preſent to receaue
The laſt cold kiſſe that might aſſwage my fires?
Yet ô thriſe happie thou, that haſt not liu'd
To beare a burthen of this great diſgrace.
More then a thouſand deathes this had thee grieu'd,
To knowe I died, and died in ſuch a cace.
Ah, doe the pledges of our mutuall loue
(The onlie comfort that the fates haue left me)
Reſt priſon'd yet? And may I not remoue
My mother thence? then is all bliſſe bereft me.
My paines are more then with my pleaſures ev'n,
Since firſt I in authoritie did enter.
Was I exalted once vp to the heau'n,
To be caſt head-long dovvne to miſchiefes center?
My ample Empire, and my Princelie birth,
My great magnificence, and vaine exceſſe,
All cannot yeelde my minde one minutes mirth,

To eaſe me nowe in this extreame diſtreſſe.
Loe heere, reduc'd vnto the worſt of illes,
Paſt helpe, paſt hope, and only great in grief,
I wait vpon two abiect vaſſals willes,
And dare not, no, not thinke vpon reliefe.
Death would I ſcorne (my courſe muſt once haue run)
If I had firſt repair'd my honours breach,
VVhoſe wounds ſo thrill my ſoule, as vnbegun
The life I wiſhe that does my fame impeach.
This mortall vaile I willinglie reſigne,
Since to an ende my dayes the deſtinies bring:
Nor will I ſo from Maieſtie decline,
As to doe ought vn-worthie of a King.

Exit.

CHORVS.

SOme newe diſaſter daylie doth forſhowe
Our future ruine: We haue ſeene our beſt.
Nowe fortune bent vs vtterly t'ore-throwe
Throwes down our King from top of wheele ſo lowe,
As by no meanes his ſtate can be redreſt.
And ſince his foes by armes haue him oppreſt,
His friendes, and ſeruants leaue him all alone.
Fewe haue compaſsion of his ſtate diſtreſt:
Yea, falſe to him themſelues doe many ſhowe.
So foes and fained friendes conſpire in one;
Fraile Fortune, and the fates with them aggree.
With axes all runne on this falling tree.

This Prince in proſperous ſtate hath flouriſh'd long,
And neuer dream'd of any euill ſucceſſe,
But was well ſollow'd whill his ſtate was ſtrong:

Him flattering Syrens with a charming ſong
Strin'd to exalt: while-as he did poſſeſſe
This earthly droſſe, that with a vaine exceſſe
He might reward their mercenarie loue.
But nowe diſaſter driues him to diſtreſſe,
His fauorites whome he remain'd among,
With foes and fortune ſtraight their faith remoue.
And who for gaine to followe him were wont,
They after gaine by his deſtruction hunt.

O more then happie ten times were that King,
Who were vnhappie but a little ſpace,
So that it did no vtter ruine bring,
But make him proue (a profitable thing)
Who of his traine, did beſt deſerue his grace;
Then could, and would of thoſe the beſt imbrace,
And flie ſuch vultures as deuour him liuing;
That theſe whome he found faithfull might haue place.
O howe this doth a generous ſtomack ſting,
To ſee ſome grac'd for craft and lies contryuing?
This is the grief that bruſts an honeſt hart;
Lords fauour commes by chance, not by deſart.

Thoſe Minions to whome Princes do extend,
Aboue their worth, immoderate good-will,
To the diſgrace of good men, ſhewe in end
They onely in proſperitie depend
Not vpon them, but on their Fortune ſtill.
Which if it change, they change: then though they fill
Their hopes with honour, and their cheſts with coyne,
Yet if they fall, or their affaires goe ill,
Thoſe whome they rais'd, will not with them deſcend,
But with th'aſcending Sunne will ſtraight way inyne.
And doe forget all that they gaue before,
For that of them they can expect no more.

The truth heereof nowe hath th'euent
In Bessus, *and* Narbazanes *approoued:*
On whome their Prince so prodigallie spent
Affection, honour, titles, treasure, rent,
And all that might each honest mind haue mooued
So bountifull a Prince for to haue loued,
Who so beninglie tendred their estate.
Yet they to him vyle traitours nowe haue proued:
By them he is in-chain'd, disgrac'd, and shent;
So as he well may rue, although too late,
That he such slie Cameleons changing hew
Prefer'd to servants dutifull and trew.

But though a while those traitours speede,
No doubt the heau'ns once vengeance will exact:
The very horrour of this haynous deede
Doth make the harts of honest men to bleede:
Yea, euen the vvicked hate this barbarous act:
The heauens no hier choller can contract,
Then for th'invasion of a sacred King:
Who, as it were, out of the starres extract,
Should feare and reverence in inferiours breede,
To whome from him both health and wealth doth spring.
But though on earth men should neglect this wrong,
Heauens will those traitor's plague ere it be long.

Actus quintus. Scen. 1.

HEPHESTION, ALEXANDER, POLISTRATVS.

He. WHat storie or what fable can recorde
Of such a nombrous troupe so strangelie lost?

I knowe they quak'd to knowe it was my Lord,
Whoſe name alone is worth anothers hoſt.
It ſcarce ſeemes credible in many parts:
But traitours feare thogh all the world would back thē.
They were but bodies deſtitute of harts:
Moe priſoners they were, then men to take them.
Who would beleeue ſo fewe durſt ſtriue to finde
So great an armie, and the armie ſhrinke?
What is impoſsible to a braue minde?
True valour dare attempt what it can thinke.
Alex. In this encounter to haue had the beſt
It would content more then a common thought:
But ſince we vvant the chief, what of the reſt?
I would be ſatisfied in all, or nought.
Thoſe traitours thought to finiſhe all the warre
With giving me their Lord, vvhome they had bound:
But I diſtruſt not mine owne force ſo farre,
As for to builde vpon ſo baſſe a ground.
Although indeede that *Darius* did me wrong,
I vvill not ſuffer others to oppreſſe him.
I keepe him for my ſelfe: he doth belong
To me alone: none other ſhould diſtreſſe him.
While he did onlie in him ſelfe confide,
I labour'd by all meanes to make him bowe:
But ſince his hard eſtate abates that pride,
Turn'd is my furie to compaſsion nowe.
Although he oft contemn'd me by his letter,
Yet I am greeu'd to ſee him ſo deceau'd.
If he had but acknovvledg'd me his better,
'Tvvas not his blood, nor kingdome that I crau'd.
And if thoſe traitours haue not kild him ſtraight,
Yet his deliuerie ſhall my name renoune:
I would not looſe a ſubiect of ſuch waight,
By vvhich my clemencie might be made knowne:
Po. Sir, novv your comming cannot doe him good.
Al. What are all fleſh haue none my force withſtood?

Po. Yet

Po. Yet *Darius* cannot be redeem'd againe.
Al. Why, haue they ſet him free? or is he ſlaine?
Po. Novv hath he gote a libertie at laſt
With no leſſe ranſoun then his deareſt breath.
Al. Then is all *Aſias* expectation paſt.
Tell on at length the maner of his death.
Po. The boyling ardour of th'aſcending Sunne
Caus'd in me an intollerable drouth,
And made me from the vvay a little runne,
To finde ſome fountaine to refreſhe my mouth:
Then vvhere a ſource her liquors ſoftly ſcatters,
Which ſhaddow'd vvas from *Titans* parching beames,
I coold my thirſt vvith the cold criſtall vvaters,
Which ſeem'd to murmure that I forc'd their ſtreames.
When loe I ſavve (a lamentable ſight)
Tvvo vvounded horſes dravv a bloody coache,
All cled vvith skinnes in moſt vncomelie plight,
Which narrovvlie t'eſpy I did approach.
One vvas vvithin, vvho could not long eſcape
The doubtfull paſſage of th'infernall gates:
Yet maieſtie triumphing ou'r miſhap,
He ſeem'd to threaten Fortune; and the Fates,
And as not to ſo baſſe a fortune borne,
While as his blood aboundantly deval'd,
Burſt forth into theſe vvords in Fortunes ſcorne,
As one vvhoſe courage could not be appal'd.
You gaze to ſee, and haue good cauſe vvherefore,
A man, no man; a King, no King; vvhat monſter?
Novv leſſe then nought, vvho once was both, and more:
Which fevve novv by my preſent ſtate vvould conſter.
And yet amid'ſt my euils I muſt reioyce,
That this laſt comfort doth fore-goe my end:
I ſpeake to one that vnderſtands my voice,
And not in vaine my dying-ſpeaches ſpend.
I am, but hovve? in name, but not in pow'r,
That vvretched *Darius* (which I ſhould ſuppreſſe)

Once

Once happie, as ye heard, but at this houre
The very patterne of extreame diſtreſſe;
Then a while pawſing after thus proceeded:
Tell *Alexander* theſe laſt wordes from me:
Although my hatred towards him exceeded,
Yet I am forc'd far in his debt to die.
I thanke him highlie for his great good-will,
My mother, wife, and children ſo preſeruing.
Pray him t'vſe them that reſt as gently ſtill
For his owne goodneſſe ſake, not my deſeruing.
They to his foe pertaine, and yet he ſtriues
To haue them honour'd nowe, as in times paſt:
But thoſe who held of me both lands and liues,
Of land and life haue me depriu'd at laſt.
I pray you on my part entreate him to
Not to permit that vnreueng'd belowe
My ghoſt doe wander. This I wiſhe he doe,
That men his Iuſtice, and their fault may knowe.
Beſide the honour, which he ſhall acquire
In plaguing them that haue betraide my truſt;
Men ſhall his magnanimitie admire,
And feare t'offend him whome they finde ſo iuſt.
Loe, all my pompe is paſt, my time expyrd:
My wealth evaniſhed like watrie bubbles.
Ou'r many a mightie people I impyrd:
Yet hath my life bene but a ſtage of troubles.
And ſince my glaſſe is runne, my glory gone,
And I dead to the worlde, the world to me;
I wiſhe that all parts of earths globe in one
May condeſcend his ſubiects for to be.
Then drouping downe, faint, bloodles, & halfe dead,
He prai'd to giue him water that ſtood by.
(A ſmall requeſt by ſuch a Monarcke made)
Which when that he had gote: yet, ere I die,
This croſſe muſt come (quoth he) t'vndo me quyte:
Thogh moſt parts of the world once homage ought me;

I haue

I haue not nowe the power for to requite
This little benefite that thou haſt brought me.
But *Alexander* ſhall rewarde thee well;
And him the heauens, who hath not done amiſſe,
To thoſe that haue beene mine: his foe muſt tell
That vndeſerued courteſie of his.
Though none haue pow'r his pleaſure to controule;
If he entreate them well whome *he* retaines;
It will procure no ſmall reſt to my ſoule,
And make him famous, while the world remaines.
When my ſprit parts out of this tent of clay,
Entreat ſome with my buriall to take order;
Leaſt churliſhe *Charon* force me for to ſtray
An vn-reſpected ghoſt on *Stygian* border.
Let firſt my corps be carried to my mother,
Who may it with my auncеſtors entombe:
And, as ſhe hath more cauſe then any other,
May waile this wofull burthen of her wombe.
In pledge of that affection, which I beare
Thy Soueraignes worth, whome now I muſt ſee neuer,
Hold heere a Princes hand, I hold him deare,
And recommend me to his grace for euer.
I ſcarce had got his hand, or toucht his veſture,
When like a torch whoſe waxe and weeke is ſpent,
Somewhat perplex't, yet with a princely geſture,
He died in peace: his ſprit appear'd content.
Alex. Who could refraine from teares to heare declar'd
The deſolation of this wretched wight:
Haue ſubiects ſlaine their prince who ſtrangers ſpar'd?
Vs hath he fled, that periſh thus he might?
I for his fall am wonderfullie ſorie,
Who *Neſtors* age was worthie t'haue attain'd:
I envie death, becauſe it rob'd the glorie,
Which I in giuing him his life had gain'd.
Hep. Since death hath put a periode to his woes,
The fauour that t'wards him ye thought t'extend,

Conuert to furour nowe againſt his foes.
For your deſignes can haue no fairer end.
So ſhall ye both attaine perpetuall praiſe,
And winne their harts who ſee their Lord reveng'd;
Then reape no little profite in your dayes,
To haue the countrie of ſuch vipers cleng'd.
If but one vertue ſhould adorne a King,
It ſhould be Iuſtice: many great defects
Are vaild thereby; whereas each vertuous thing
In one that is iniuſt, the world ſuſpects.
Alex. Although your counſell, or yet his requeſt
Had not the pow'r to penetrate my eares:
A generous ſtomack could not well diſgeſt
So great a wrong: my minde it hardlie beares.
My ſpirit impatient of repoſe diſdaines
That they ſo long this infamie ſurviue.
But I vvill puniſhe with moſt greevous paines
The treaſon damnable they did contriue.
What? doe they thinke, deceau'd with ſome illuſion,
That *Bactria* is a bulwarke for my ire?
Flie where they liſt, they cannot ſcape confuſion:
My wrath ſhall followe like conſuming fire.
Heauen cannot be a ſanctuarie for them:
I dare to force th'infernall caves adventer:
Earth cannot keepe them ſafe, if I abhorre them:
Ile ſearch them out though they vvere in the center.
And hauing gotten once thoſe malefactors,
Betwixt the bending boughes of two ſtrong trees,
Vnto th'eternall terrour of all traitours,
They ſhall diſmembred be before my eyes.
Pol. Sir, may it pleaſe your Grace to take ſome care,
That ſome his funerall offices performe.
Alex. Goe preſentlie and euery thing prepare
According to the militarie forme.

Exeunt.

Actus

The Tragedie of Darius.

Actus quintus. Scen. 2.

SISIGAMBIS, NVNTIVS, CHORVS.

Sisi. THis looke, allace, hath fraught my ſoule with feares.
Speake, for my life doth on thy lips depend:
Thy countenance a dolefull coppie beares
Of ſome ſadde ſummons to denounce my end.
Starue not my eares with famiſhe for thy wordes:
That ſwallow'd yet may make my hart to burſt.
Nun. Madame the meſſage that my ſoule affordes
Muſt once be known, and once knowne ſtill accurſt,
Sis. Be not a niggard of euill newes. *Nun.* And why?
Sis. Fame wil tell all the world. *Nun.* But firſt to you.
Sis. Tell ſone. *Nun.* Your ſonne is dead. *Sis.* Then let me die.
Cho. Her ioyes and pleaſures are all periſh'd nowe.
Sis. Why opens not the earth for to devoure
A curſed caitiue, that all ioy hath loſte?
The longer that I liue, my grief growes more:
Borne I am to miſcheefe, kept to be croſt.
Would God this bodie in miſhappes abounding
Were couered with ſome mountaine of huge waight;
Or elſe that th'Ocean ou'r theſe fieldes inunding
Might make my buriall in her boſome ſtraight.
O *Alexander*, haſt thou tane his life,
Yet entertain'd me ſtill in hope to finde him?
Why didſt thou not firſt ſlay this poore olde wife,
Who was not worthie to haue liu'd behinde him?

Ah, tended all thy courteſie to this,
That I ſhould liue till thou hadſt ſlaine my ſonne?
Nun. Ye wrong that worthy Prince: for he, and his
Came for to help him, who was elſe vndone.
Siſ. What impious hands durſt one that wore a crown,
And vvas thereof moſt worthie, murther ſo?
Nun. Two vvhom himſelf rais'd vp haue caſt him downe:
More faithfull then his owne he found his foe.
Siſ. Tell on thy meſſage, meſſage of my death,
And load my minde with all miſchiefe and horrour:
That in ſad ſighes I may diſſolue my breath,
Whill thou relat'ſt theſe tidings full of terrour.
Nun. When *Alexander* eftſoones back had ſent
Th'Ambaſſadours that peace had ſought in vaine,
A generall muſter, then to try th'event
Of doubtfull *Mars*, King *Darius* did ordaine,
And in one battell to adventure all
Intending, caus'd his vvill to be proclam'd,
Whill two vile traitours did conſpire his fall,
Who *Beſſus*, and *Narbazanes* vvere nam'd.
Theſe two in counſell did diſcouer firſt
Some portion of the poiſon of their hart:
Which caus'd the King ſuſpect, but not the worſt.
Yet with a ſword he ſought to make them ſmart.
But hauing ſcap'd the firſt brunt of his rage,
VVith teares of Crocodiles they ſo lamented,
As they his indignation did aſſvvage,
Whil'ſt in appearance onlie they repented.
They came to *Artabazus*, honeſt man,
Who iudg'd of others by his vpright minde,
And could not, or through bountie would not ſcan
VVhat they vvith craft and malice had deſign'd.
Chor. A ſinceare minde is euer leaſt ſuſpitious:
They think all faultie who themſelues are vitious.
Nun. They vrg'd him with the King to interceede,
That in his favour he would giue them place;

VVith

VVith promiſe that by ſome notorious deede
Of armes they vvould ſeeke to deſerue his grace.
He in their favour firſt enform'd the King,
The battell would beare vvitneſſe of their truth;
Then both before his Maieſtie did bring,
VVho vvas by their ſubmiſsion moou'd to ruth.
Their hands ſtreatchd vp to heau'n,& hũbled knees,
Their teares like thoſe the Crocodiles doe ſhed,
VVoe in their face,and pittie in their eyes
Did for compaſsion and for mercie pled.
The king of nature milde, prompt to receaue them,
While they diſſembledly vvere thus complayning,
Not onlie of his lenitie forgaue them,
But vvept in earneſt too while they vvere fayning.
Then as he vſ'd, his danger novv not feeling,
He mounted to his Coache:they came behinde
VVith a ſubmiſsiue voice moſt humblie kneeling
To him, whome ſhortlie they vvere bent to binde.
The *Græcian* Captaine follow'd them vvith ſpeede,
VVho being cal'd, and ask'd vvhat he deſir'd,
Sollicited the King to take good heede
Of thoſe that had againſt his life conſpir'd.
He tolde him hovve he had their treaſon tri'de,
And ſeene the *Bactrians* to a tumult bent;
Then prai'd him for his ſafetie to prouide,
In going with him to his truſtie tent.
The King grow'n careleſſe,and his ſafety ſhunning
Refus'd this offer on affection grounded;
Or with ſome pow'rfull fate his fall fore-running,
VVas carried headlong thus to be confounded.
The *Greeke* paſt thence diſpairing of his ſafetie,
VVho thus recureleſſe help and health refus'd:
Then *Beſſus* did begin vvith ſpeeches craftie
To purge himſelfe,and errours paſt excus'd.
The King then *Artabazus* did command
T'approche,and *Patrons* ſpeech at length reported:

He knewe full well vvhat danger vvas at hand,
And to goe with the Greeke his Grace exhorted.
But vvhen he found this reſolution plac'd,
Within his breſt, no peril for to flee:
With mutuall teares each other they embrac'd,
Parting like two, that living vvent to die,
Novve ſilent night in pitchie vapours cled
Had muſtred miſtes, and march'd vnto the weſt:
A ſhadowie horrour ov'r the earth vvas ſpred,
The Sentinelles vvere ſet, and all at reſt.
When a ſtrange terrour troubled all the hoſte:
The multitudes did murmure in all parts:
They did reſemble ſhips vvith tempeſts toſte:
Some by their feare knew what poſſeſt all harts.
Thoſe vvho their King appointed vvere to guarde
All ſhrunk away to corners none ſtai'd there:
And hauing to his danger no reguarde
His better-fortunes Minions fled elſe vvhere.
The deſolation then vvas vvondrous great:
With a fevve Eunuches *Darius* left alone
Did enter deepelie to revolue his ſtate;
And thus be-ſpake them; vvho did for him mone.
Depart in peace, and for your ſelues prouyde,
Leaſt ye be likevviſe vvith my ruine caught:
I will the iſſue of my fate abide:
They hearing this, as of their wittes diſtraught
Went howling throgh the hoſte with dolorous cries:
This made the King as dead to be bevvail'd.
And in the armie did a rumour riſe,
That he had kild himſelfe, vvhen all hope fail'd.
The *Perſians* greeu'd, vvhill theſe things did occurre,
Did firſt encourage all their countrie bands
To help their Prince: but yet they durſt not ſturre
For feare of falling in the *Bactrians* hands.
Ev'n in the time vvhen this confuſion vvas
The traitours, to deferre the fact no more,

Did

Did to their ſoueraignes ovvne Pavilion paſſe,
And tooke, and bound him, whome they ſeru'd before.
He, vvho in golden coach ſuperbelie rode,
Was caſt in one for baſſeſt carriage vſ'd:
And vvho of late vvas honoured like a God,
By ſeruants as a bond-ſlaue was abuſ'd.
Thoſe royall hands to beare a ſcepter borne
Were boũd with chaines: this alſo much did grieue him
That Fortune his aduerſitie would ſcorne
With golden bands, that ſeru'd not to releeue him.
Then *Alexander*, hauing heard in end
That *Darius* came not forvvard to affront him,
To finde him out did all his forces bend,
Not doubting but he eftſoones vvould ſurmount him.
But being at the laſt at length inform'd,
Hovve he vvas made a Captiue to his ovvne,
At this indignitie he highlie ſtorm'd,
And ſvvore he vvould avenge it by his crovvne.
Out of his hoſte he did ſelect a fevve,
Who vvere beſt horſ'd, vvhoſe equipage vvas light:
With vvhome his foes he did ſo faſt purſue,
That, ere they could ſuſpect, he came in ſight.
The traitours troubled with this he had done
Came to the Cart vvherein the King vvas carried,
And bade him mount on horſe-back, and flee ſoone,
Leaſt that his foe ſhould take him if he tarried.
He look'd aloft, and cry'd aloud: this day
Th'eternall Iuſticer ſees through the ſtarres:
I will not with ſuch periur'd raſcals ſtay,
And flee from him, vvho moou's but honeſt vvarres.
Then thoſe in vvhome impietie aboundes,
Throw darts at him whome they ſhould haue defended
And hurte the horſes with an hundreth vvoundes,
While they commit the Parricide intended.
Their hands were feeble, as their harts vntrue:
For when their foes began them once to comber,

The traitours firſt, then all the traitcrous crue
Fled them, who were inferiour farre in nomber.
But to the confines of deaths kingdome brought
The King retir'd him from the vvay aſide,
More wounded vvith ingratitude then ought,
He fled the vvorld vvhoſe follies he had tri'de.
Scarce was the laſting laſt divorcement made
Betwixt the bodie, and the ſoule diſtreſt,
When *Alexander* came, and found him dead,
VVho if he could him would haue faine oppreſt.
Yet with the veſture which himſelfe then wore
He couered the dead corps, and not eſchew'd it;
But ev'n with teares his Coffin did decore,
To the great wonder of all them that view'd it.
And having vvaild his death aboue all meaſure,
To haue his funerals made in Princelie wiſe
He bids you ſpare no coſte, but vſe his treaſure,
And them, as beſt becommes, to ſolemniſe.
He hath his bodie hither ſent by me,
That to him the laſt honours you may do:
He thinkes they ſo ſhall beſt accompliſh'd be,
And vvho him bare ſhall ſee him buried to.
Cho. Beholde how grief hath her of ſenſe bereft,
And choak'd her breath with ſuper-abounding grones,
No will or power to liue is to her left,
Since all her weale evaniſh'd is at ones.
Siſ. Ah ſhall I ſee (no let me firſt be blinde)
That body breath-leſſe, vvhich I brought to light?
VVhere would my ſoule a force ſufficient finde
T'endure the dolour of that deadly ſight.
O flintie hardned hart, that wilt not breake
VVith the remembrance of ſo many woes,
VVhy part'ſt thou not, faint ſprit, that whil'ſt I ſpeake,
In opening of my lips my eyes might cloſe?
This heritage of death, this withered ſtock
Is but a receptacle of diſpaires:

A tor-

A torture to it ſelfe, a ſtumbling block,
Whoſe aged furrowes fertile are in cares.
What helpes it nowe to haue bene made the mother
Of one who to ſuch dignitie did clime?
More miſerable nowe then any other,
I liue to waile my death, who di'd in him.
Ay me, malitious Fates haue done me wrong:
Who came firſt to the world ſhould firſt departe.
It not becommes the olde t'ou'r-liue the yong:
This dealing is præpoſterous and qu'r-thwart.
Ah, why ſhould death ſo indiſcreet be found
To ſaue a caitiue, and confound a Prince:
My halfe dead bodie, weigh'd downe to the ground,
Through grief is grow'n ripe for the graue long ſince.

CHORVS.

VVHat makes vaine worldlings ſo to ſwell with pryde,
Who came of earth, and to the earth returne?
So helliſhe furies with their fire-brands burne
Proude and ambitious men, as they deuide
Them from themſelues, and ſo turmoile their mindes,
That all their time they ſtudie ſtill
I owe to content a bound-leſſe will,
Which neuer yet a full contentment findes.
Who ſo this flame within his boſome ſmothers
Doth many fantaſies contryue,
And euen forgets himſelfe a-liue,
To be remembred after death by others.
Thus while he is his paines are neuer ended;
That while he is not, he may be commended.

What can this helpe the happineſſe of Kings,
So to ſubdue their neighbours, as they doe,
And make ſtrange nations tributaries to?
The greater ſtate the greater trouble brings.
Their pompes and triumphes ſtands them in no ſtead:
Their Arches, Tombes, Piramides hie,
And Statues are but vanitie:
They die, and yet would liue in what is dead:
And while they liue, we ſee their glorious actions
Oft wreſted to the worſt: and all their life
Is but a ſtage of endleſſe toile and ſtriſe,
Of tumults, vprores, mutines, and factions.
They riſe with feare, and ly with danger downe:
There is no burthen weightier then a Crowne.

And as Ambition Princes vndermines;
So doth it thoſe that vnder them rule all.
We ſee in howe ſhort time they ryſe, and fall;
How oft their light eclipſ'd but dunlie ſhynes.
They ſtudie by all ſhifts and ſlights to moue
Their Prince of their deſerts t'account:
And when they by his favour mount,
O what a danger is't to be aboue?
For ſtraight expos'd to hatred, and deſpight,
With all their skill they cannot marche ſo euen,
But ſome opprobrious ſcandall will be giuen:
For all men enuy thoſe that haue moſt might.
And if the King diſlyke them once, then ſtraight
The wretched Courtiers fall with their owne waight.

Some of a poorer Spirite, who would be prais'd,
Yet haue not worth to be eſteem'd,
What they are not indeede would faine be deemd,
And indirectlie labour to be rais'd.
This crue each publick place of honour haunts,
And changing garments euery day

While

While they would hyde, doe but bewray
With outward ornaments their inward wants.
And men of better iudgement iuſtlie loth
Thoſe, who in outwarde ſhowes place all their care,
And deck their bodies, while their mindes are bare,
Like to a ſhaddowe, or a painted cloth.
The multitude, who but th'apparrell notes,
Doth homage not to them, but to their cotes.

Yet Princes muſt be ſeru'd, and with all ſortes;
Some both to doe, and counſell what is beſt:
Some ſerue for Ciphers to ſet out the reſt,
Like liue-leſſe pictures, that adorne the ports.
Faire Pallaces repleniſh'd are with feares:
Thoſe ſeeming pleaſures are but ſnares:
The Royall Robe doth couer cares:
Th'Aſſyrian dy deere buyth he, that it beares.
Thoſe dainty delicates, and far fetch'd foode
Oft through ſuſpition ſauour out of ſeaſon:
Embrodered beds and tapeſtries hatche treaſon:
The golden goblets mingled are with blood.
Such glorious gorgeous ſhowes doe ſerue for nought:
All cannot calme the tempeſt of the thought.

O happie he, who far from fame at home
Doth ſit ſecurelie by a quyet fire,
Who hath not much, and doth not much deſire,
Nor curious is to learne who goe, or come.
For ſatisfied with what his Father left
His minde he meaſures by his ſtore,
And is not pyn'd to gape for more;
Nor eates ought that iniquitie hath reft:
He hath his little cleanlie, and in peace,
And lookes not with ſuſpitious eye.
No poyſon commes in Cups of tree:
No treaſon harbours in ſo poore a place.

The Tragedie of Darius.

No troublous dreame doth interrupt his sleepe:
A quyet conscience doth his Cottage keepe.

He doth not studie oft what stormes may blowe:
His pouertie cannot be much impair'd:
He feares no forraine force, and craues no guarde:
None coueteth his spoile, none lookes so lowe:
Where as the great are commonly once croſt,
As Darius *hath bene in his flowre,*
Or Sisigambis *at this houre,*
Who hath scap'd long, and nowe at length is loſt.
But how commes this that Potentates oft fall,
Forc'd to confesse th'afflictions of their soule?
There is some hier pow'r that can controule
The Monarches of the earth, and censure all,
Who once will call their doings to accompt,
Their pride repressing, who t'oppresse were prompt.

Finis. *W. A.*

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